
CLAIMS OF LITERATURE.

CLAIMS OF LITERATURE,

THE

ORIGIN, MOTIVES, OBJECTS,

AND

TRANSACTIONS, OF THE SOCIETY

FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF

A LITERARY FUND.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER,
OLD BOND-STREET,
BOOKSELLER TO THE SOCIETY,
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW,
ST. JAMES'S.

1802.

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BY DAVID WILLIAMS.

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SHAKSPEARE TAVERN, JULY 11, 1801.

*At a Meeting of the Special Committee appointed
by the SOCIETY FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF
THE LITERARY FUND, present,*

MR. W. BOSCAWEN,

MR. REEVES,

MR. D. WILLIAMS,

MR. PYE,

MR. FITZGERALD,

DOCTOR SYMMONS.

*In consequence of a Resolution of the General
Committee of this Society, to publish a work in
prose and verse, under the title of "CLAIMS OF
" LITERATURE; including an account of the
" Institution, Motives, Objects, and Transactions,
" of the Society for the establishment of a Literary
" Fund, Poems recited on its Anniversaries," &c.
and in consequence of the request, which had been
made on the occasion to Mr. Boscawen, Mr.
Williams, and Mr. Reeves, to communicate on
the subject, and to prepare papers for the publica-
tion in question,—*

Resolved, That this Meeting do now proceed to receive the report of these Gentlemen respecting their progress in the business which has been committed to them, and which they have obligingly and generously undertaken.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Reeves having reported, that several communications had passed between them, in compliance with their engagement to the Committee, and that Mr. Reeves from his sense of Mr. Williams's longer and more perfect acquaintance with the subject, had suggested that the Account of the Institution ought to be referred solely to the pen of its founder; and Mr. Williams, in consequence having submitted the outlines of the Account, which he had prepared, and having read it's most important parts to the Meeting,

Resolved, That the Special Committee do entirely concur in opinion with Mr. Reeves, respecting the propriety of receiving Mr. Williams's papers as singly and fully sufficient for the purpose of explaining to the public the objects, principles, and tendencies of the Institution of a Literary Fund.

c. Boscawen having read a paper, which he had written, entitled "~~An~~ Introduction to the Poems composed for the Literary Fund,"

Resolved, That the composition, which has been read, be thankfully accepted by the Special Committee, and that it be accordingly inserted, immediately before the Poems, in the intended Publication.

Resolved, That no papers be admitted into the volume, but such as are the production of the Gentlemen, who have been already named, as the writers of the work, or of those, who shall be approved by the Special Committee appointed for the superintendence of the Publication.

CHARLES SYMMONS,
CHAIRMAN.



CLAIMS OF LITERATURE.

SECTION I.

THE magnitude and importance of the SOCIETY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A LITERARY FUND, have produced a benevolent curiosity concerning its origin, and the principles and views on which it is founded. A COMMITTEE has, therefore, been appointed to direct the publication of an enlarged edition of the CONSTITUTIONS, POEMS ON ANNIVERSARIES, &c. which has assigned to William Boscawen, Esq. to John Reeves, Esq. and to me, distinct provinces of the general undertaking of

satisfying that curiosity, and aiding by argument, and by the removal of doubts and objections, the eloquence of those Poets who have successfully pleaded before the public, the cause of unfortunate writers.

Mr. Reeves, on the perusal of the general outlines of these Essays, and of Mr. Boscawen's Introduction to the Poems, declared his satisfaction with what we had done, and an opinion that we had exhausted the subjects. It would, however, have been useful to the public, and satisfactory to me, to have had my ideas compared with those formed by Mr. Reeves, even if we had differed in some opinions. He seems to think we should have differed only in modes of expression.

The origin and transactions of the SOCIETY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A LITERARY FUND, would not afford materials for an interesting narrative or history, unless the proceedings of its

Committees were included; and it would be extremely difficult to relate them, without offence or injury to the persons relieved by the Fund.

Other charities may invite subscriptions, by proclaiming their benefactions and exhibiting their objects; the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND is obliged generally to throw a veil over its beneficiaries;—and its pleas with the public are—the obvious and acknowledged necessity of its interference; the access to its COUNCILS, COMMITTEES, and PAPERS, allowed to all subscribers; and the characters of those COUNCILS and COMMITTEES, and of the OFFICERS who preside and act in them.

The HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY, to be useful, should consist more of argument than narrative; for the difficulties which affected its origin, arose more from misapprehension and sophistry than from any of the common obstacles to charitable institutions.

On the first intimation of the design it was asked, — — —

I. What is meant by LITERATURE, when proposed as the object of a charitable fund ?

II. The author of the first outline of the institution was charged with assuming what he should have proved, that the benefits of Literature outweigh its evils ; and it was alleged, if that opinion were proved, he would not be justified in promoting those evils, and increasing the number and misery of authors, by holding out encouragement to the choice of *Literary Employments*.

III. The Society was charged with indirect censure of the government of the country, though that government has liberally founded schools and universities, and supports learned and opulent establishments.

IV. And, supposing the establishments of the country should not provide for all *Literary Claimants*, it was seriously and

earnestly advised to leave them, as they have hitherto been left, ~~to the~~ discretion and patronage of the government, nobility, and opulent gentry, and not to undertake their relief by a LITERARY FUND.

These have been important obstacles to the progress of the undertaking; and if I state the considerations and reasons, which, by surmounting them, founded the Society, I shall, in the most useful manner, write its HISTORY.

SECTION II.

LITERATURE, THE OBJECT OF A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.*

IN the proposals for a Fund to relieve authors in distress, the expression LITERARY was taken in the most enlarged sense; comprehending every species of mental exertion, which has been, or can be, communicated or diffused by language, writing, printing, or any arts analogous to them.

* It is not my desire to give these Essays the air of science; but experience has taught me the necessity in all cases, to associate ideas and words exactly as ideas and letters are associated in algebra; and to put it out of the power of sophists, and even of etymologists to vary and transpose them. If this were done with good faith, the determinations of logic would be as uniform as those of algebra. In the present case, the definitions are explanations of maxims, formed by a correspondence of the actual conduct of the Society with the original views of the Founder.

GENIUS, or the faculty of invention and discovery, is the ~~actuating~~ principle of all these arts; the origin of all the distinctions of man from other animals, and the source of all his peculiar happiness. This supreme distinction, when conferred on the intellect of a philosopher, generates new ideas; in the imagination of a poet, it creates new images, or personifies new ideas: even, in the art of expression, both in prose and verse, this faculty may be displayed: but to bear the characters of genius, all the ideas should be fertile in useful truths, and all the inventions interesting to humanity.

The superiority is generally allowed to PHILOSOPHY, the real science of principles; or to that genius which first analyzes the truths of Nature, and then combines the moral and political institutions, which regulate the fate and condition of man. HOMER, HESIOD, and PINDAR, leave moral principles

as they found them. SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES, who affect to give morality to the drama, touch not its principles. It was SOCRATES, by means of XENOPHON and PLATO, who gave permanence to the foundations of moral maxims; and ARISTOTLE, by the science of analysis, conferred an everlasting obligation on the human race.

I might, if endued with the faculty under consideration, do justice to NEWTON, in this enumeration; probably the first in the orders of intellectual beings, who has yet appeared in this world. In the science of philosophic principles, he is a planet, with millions of literati, as satellites around him.

But I mean only to mark the distinction, or supremacy, of philosophical genius, the first object of attention in the institution for a Literary Fund.

DISCOVERIES BY ACCIDENT; such as are daily made in natural history, natural philosophy, and the arts; if, by

their means, the talents of the discoverer open a new career of inquiry, are entitled to the honours of genius.

LEARNING, when not a steril admiration of former excellence, when associated with kindred enthusiasm, has unquestionably similar claims.

WRITERS, who scarcely presume to form themselves on the models they peruse, by imitations or translations, whose minds are merely well stored memories, do not merit the rank of genius.

Of these, however, the great class of LITERATI, or the learned, is formed; and the numerous and indefinite gradations of their deserts, would set calculation at defiance, if it were required accurately to ascertain them.

Here the UTILITY of productions furnishes the only general rule. Genius commands by sublimity and beauty of conception; learning and literary industry prefer their claims by obvious UTILITY.

LANGUAGE, the dress of thoughts, is essentially included. Language is seldom studiously improved by men of genius, though they frequently enrich and embellish it, by casual expressions and sentences.

The effects of poetic language are strongly felt, but very limited ; the effects of prose pervade the whole community, which is always improved, as its common language is enriched and ennobled.

Fine writers may be denominated the tailors and milliners of the intellectual world. They agreeably clothe, but do not form the ideas of genius. The perspicuity, harmony, and elegance of the English language, have been produced more by male and female novellists, than by Bacon, Newton, Locke, and other philosophers, whose minds were pregnant with ideas, and whose efforts were, at the conception and invention of thoughts, not their ornament or decoration.

EXPLANATIONS of this kind were required, at the institution of the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND; and the contending parties of genius and taste, will always render necessary a wise and careful attention to these distinctions, in the managers for the Society.

The disproportion of force in the one party, is compensated by numbers in the other. Racine* justly observes, wit becomes common when genius becomes rare.

Superior minds who dare to call men to the examination of their principles, by reproaching their indolence and inferiority, wound their pride.

That spirit, which would penetrate and analyze every thing, is also alarming to all established systems, and is not favourable to poetry.

There will therefore generally be a difficulty in rendering genius, assimilated

* Reflexions sur la Poesie.

with philosophy, the first object of the *Institution*.

Poetry ; a taste for the fine arts ; and learning, which may be called a taste for the productions of antiquity, not only intoxicate the imaginations of their possessors, but dazzle the public, which generally sees nothing beyond them in the province of LITERATURE.

LEARNING, the study of ancient models, to form an elegant taste, and a sensibility to the beautiful and sublime in general truths, is of great importance and advantage ; and I cannot refuse my admiration to many of those scholars, who are absorbed by it. But if SHAKESPEARE had been a profound scholar, in the common sense of the word, he would not have produced those dramas, which, sprinkled as they are with errors and faults, astonish us by their excellencies. Penetrated by reverence for the ancient productions of the dramatic art, his first essays, like those of other

scholars, would have been in criticism and imitation; and ~~habit~~ would have checked and suppressed that immediate intercourse with Nature, and all those novel combinations, and original conceptions, by which he holds the whole dramatic world at his feet.

These were the definitions held out to the first inquirers respecting the objects of a LITERARY FUND; but when the ground was cleared in a small circle for its foundation, and applications were made to men of fortune and learning to assist in the undertaking, the general answer was, in the form of another question, Whether learning, thus defined, produced most good or evil to mankind?

I wish not to implicate individuals. That answer was made to me, not by men merely of rank, but of considerable genius and ~~extensive~~ learning. It is repeated by great numbers who receive applications from the friends of the

Institution, and those applications are sometimes peremptorily and haughtily rejected, because PHILOSOPHY and LEARNING are pronounced unfriendly to the happiness of the world.

SECTION III.

UTILITY OF LITERATURE.

SCHOLARS are the guardians of those stores from which men in active courses are furnished.

BACON.

ON the utility and importance of literature, in the sense I have given, I should not bestow many sentences, if, in answer to the second question, I had not errors and prejudices to remove, which deeply affect the LITERARY FUND.

GENIUS is the first of all human distinctions. It takes place even of virtue; the impressions of which are generally limited to a family or a country; the ideas of genius, in moral as in mechanic discoveries, become instantaneously the benefactors of mankind.

Genius, talents, and labour, wisely employed, form the fund, from which

every thing valuable to society is produced. All the land, and all the spontaneous productions which first constitute property, would not, without this fund, support a tenth of the present population of the world, or a hundredth part of the expences of its governments.

In the construction of those governments, genius has been controuled and superceded by force ; and it's only successful competitor is **MILITARY POWER**. It must, however, ultimately establish the legislations of mankind. It may be long employed in dissipating preliminary visions ; but all the possible errors and all the miseries of abortive efforts, will be improved ultimately by genius to all possible good.

It is not intended to insinuate, that military fame and power are not fully purchased by the talents and dangers of their acquisition, as well as by the temporary benefits arising from them. But the effects of all military events partici-

pate the nature of all violence; they require a perpetual recurrence to violence, at short intervals; whereas the inventions and measures of genius are as extensive as the world, and never require the “commission of evil that good may come.” Warriors and writers should be associated as Seneca associates Scipio and Cato;—*Alter enim cum hostibus nostris bellum, alter cum moribus gessit.*—The difference between men of genius and heroes is generally that of WISDOM and COURAGE. Wisdom prevents evil, courage removes it. The benefits of wisdom, though superior and more extensive, are often unperceived, and without applause; while those of courage are palpable and attended with glory, in proportion to the evils which the folly sometimes of that courage had accumulated. CAMILLUS owes the fame of being denominated the second founder of Rome, to the misconduct which had brought the Gauls to the

foot of the Capitol. If the wisdom of his councils had prevented their entrance into the Roman territory, his name would not have acquired applause until posterity had estimated his merit. This circumstance peculiarly urges the necessity of the institution for a Literary Fund, that the rewards of genius are in futurity. CONFUCIUS, whose name eclipses whole dynasties of Chinese emperors, is said to have spent his life in penury and obscurity.

MEN OF GENIUS, instead of being unproductive, as intimated by a popular writer,* are the most productive of all the classes of mankind. Their inventions not only fix and realise themselves in some subject, and for some time, but they direct the mode of storing and setting in motion future industry; and instead of perishing in the performance, they are renovated in every renewed action of a similar nature, and endure

* Adam Smith.

for ever in some permanent habit, regulating the conduct, shortening the labour, and multiplying the comforts, of mankind. No error, therefore, can more strongly indicate barbarism, than that of modern political œconomists, who affirm, the works of genius perish in their production. The inference is too atrocious—but the provision would have been merciful—that their authors should perish with them. This is left to practice, and the secondary agents of human intellect, forming the classes of speculative and practical industry, seize their ideas and execute them to their own advantage.

AGRICULTURE is the most productive of all the arts; not so much by labour as by genius directing labour. CERES and BACCHUS were deified by the ancients, not because they were labourers, but because they multiplied the powers of mere labour by their inventions. The productive power of man is his INVEN-

tion, not his bodily strength, and genius, in all its classifications, is more beneficial to society than any other faculty. JUPITER, MINERVA, MIDAS, MERCURY, VULCAN, are names consecrated by antiquity, who placed their intellectual benefactors among the gods.

Who *fixed* the grand pillars of society; who diffused the ideas of MINE and THINE, the true principle of PROPERTY; and who regulated political constitutions, and general morals on those ideas? PHILOSOPHERS and MEN OF LETTERS. Who can calculate, in this respect, the effects, on numerous ages, of the sublimity and dignity of PLATO, or the solidity and precision of ARISTOTLE?

The VERY AGE of HOMER is the subject of inquiry, only on account of the splendor of his name, which the utility of his sentiments will bear down to eternity.

VIRGIL is said to have employed

seven years on the composition of the **GEORGICS**. Who will presume to affirm the patronage and support of Virgil were misemployed and unproductive, when the fascination of his numbers revived a spirit of husbandry, nearly extinguished by civil war? Indeed, the celebrated Augustan age can shroud its turpitude only by its literary fame ; and the follies and immoralities of the second English Charles are sometimes forgotten in the reputation of the writers of his time.

THE ART OF WRITING is a privilege bestowed by **GENIUS**, yet attainable by all mankind. By this discovery, all ideas and emotions of the mind may be transmitted to the world, and rendered common benefits and enjoyments. What would riches and honours avail, without the resources of this invention ?

Indeed, if literature had effected nothing more for mankind, than the perpetual accommodation of its languages to its fluctuating situations, it should

have been preserved above distress. Language, 'as wants and desires are multiplied, advances from sound and metaphor into abstract combinations, the use of which Genius alone can wrest from the hands of Imposture ; and language is the instrument of all social acquisitions.

It is by the encouragement of learning, in this sense of it, society can dissipate those early errors and prejudices, with which the rudiments of all institutions are clogged ; behind the shapeless masses of which, sophisms are converted into the semblance of truths, and men acquire the logic of vice, or become wicked from principle.

No stronger symptom of barbarism can be produced, therefore, than the opinion, that men are disqualified by genius or literature for employments, which imply the direction and benefit of other men. Ignorance is not destitute of successful artifices ; one of them is,

to separate policy from philosophy, i. e. to separate power from reason, manners from morals, and to assimilate practicability with fraud or force.

The civilization of Egypt, Phœnicia, Chaldea, and India, was effected by SAGES, assuming the privileges of priests, and supporting the civil by spiritual powers.

HOMER, like a fruitful spring, diffused the principles of taste, and even of science, through all Greece, and, with the Greek literature, through all ages. What hero, what statesman, is entitled to such gratitude or glory? yet *Homer*, in all probability, lived in penury and distress. In old age and blindness, he is said to have sung or recited his poems for bread. WHAT A SPECTACLE! —the first genius of the human race, in the first province of poetry, giving lessons to all future ages, in efforts to excite charity to save him from starving!

The fate of HOMER impressed a national sentiment of shame, which induced Greece to honour literature, the emulations of which were important objects in its festivals and games.

Honours were decreed and prizes adjudged to learning in the presence of assembled nations; and historians have solemnly recorded the victories of Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, among the most important events of the times, as they cherished the most useful emulation.*

PHILIP thanked the gods, not for the birth of Alexander, but for having given him a son during the life of ARISTOTLE. And Alexander objects to the publication of Aristotle's works, assigning as a reason, that he preferred supremacy of science to supremacy of power.

The decline of the Grecian name was preceded by the decline of its literature;

* *Alit æmulatio ingenia.*—PATERCULUS.

and the substitution of sophistry to real philosophy.

The Roman character was formed on an imperfect acquaintance with Greek literature. Rome had fixed its government, and advanced in its military glory, before it produced any celebrated writers, and those writers seldom lost sight of their masters.

CATO moved that CARNEADES and the rhetoricians, who accompanied him in his embassy, should be kept at a distance from Rome. That proved nothing against literature, even in the opinion of Cato. The eloquence of Greece, at the time, was declining into rhetoric; and the pretensions of the Roman senate were not subjects to be entrusted to discussion.

When Rome became mistress of the world, she was obliged to afford protection to all its literary talents, to give colour to her pretensions, and to support her power.

The decline of Rome was also indicated by the decline of her literature; and it was one of the favourite projects of CALIGULA to destroy the history of LIVY, and the poems of VIRGIL.

It is not my intention to write a history of literature, to which I do not feel competent. It would, at this time, be a most interesting and important work. The action and counter-action of knowledge and ignorance, of literature and warfare, and the fluctuations of principles, morals, and manners, in consequence of them, from the night which followed PLINY, to the morning which arose with BACON; from EPICTETUS to MONTAIGNE, and from PLUTARCH to LOCKE, would be more useful, than any development of cabinet intrigues, or any detail of military occurrences.

After the subversion of the Roman empire, and in the ages of darkness and misery which succeeded, not a ray of light tinged the horizon, until

CHARLEMAGNE in some degree favoured
LEARNING.

It became, however, the policy of the governments which then arose, and which have since prevailed, to retain genius and literature in a subordinate species of existence, and to control their authority over the destiny of mankind.

The **CHURCH OF ROME**, during many ages, soared above that policy. It was by the genius and learning of the founders of that church, its vast dominion was created: and if its dominion had not been annexed to fixed dogmas, which can be supported only by terror and cruelty; if it had assimilated itself to the gradual improvements of the human mind, had adopted the inventions of genius, and associated with its interests all superior talents and learning, its dominion might have been perpetual.

The **ARABIANS**, though wasteful in their conquests, from the intolerance of

their religious principles, though they embarrassed the sciences with useless subtleties, cultivated several important branches of literature, to which they were indebted for their temporary superiority. The arts and characters of arithmetic and algebra, if not their invention, were re-established and improved by Arabian literati.

The REVIVAL OF LETTERS was the dawn of modern civilization, political liberty, and social happiness; and though its first effects appear equivocal, on taste as well as morals, they were soon felt in all institutions. COPERNICUS and GALILEO, in the sixteenth century, restored the mathematics, and revived, in some degree, that influence of real science on civil institutions, which PYTHAGORAS and ARISTARCHUS, of Samos, had endeavoured to establish.

Even SPINOSA and HOBBS, by reviving the system of ARCHELAUS, and exciting alarm and persecution, threw

light on the different principles and constructions of ancient and modern societies.

The 'ascendancy, or power of genius, in the formation of opinions and manners, is, only in some situations, inferior to that of government and law. In free governments it takes the lead, and always forms the spirit of the nation.

How different the state of society in **ATHENS** and **LACEDÆMON**!—branches of a common stock, and inhabiting the same climate! In the one, the admiration of genius, and the love of literature, heightened into delirium; in the other, all talents, but those of war, checked and extinguished. In **ATHENS**, the lives of men of genius, were those of gods; in **LACEDÆMON**, glory and fame could be obtained only in blood.

In **ENGLAND**, what a contrast, before and after the **Revolution**! Before that event, **Bacon** stood nearly alone, literature being occupied by theological

controversy. Who can describe the effects of its subsequent emancipation, on the principles, the morals, the taste, and the prosperity of the country?

In FRANCE, the effects of its literature could not be comprised within any boundaries, which can be properly assigned to my argument. FRANCIS I. amidst the numerous misfortunes of his reign, laid, deeply and judiciously, the foundations of the French monarchy, by a liberal patronage and encouragement of literature.

He commanded all public acts to be written in French.* That wise measure, besides influencing the administration of justice, which always has oppressive and corrupt tendencies, improved the whole people, by improving its language. MEZERAI and DESCARTES, who would otherwise have written in Latin, gave purity and precision to the French language, by ap-

* They had been written in Latin.

plying it to history and the mathematics.

THE PROVINCIAL LETTERS, the produce of a temporary toleration in theological and critical discussion, nearly fixed the language of France; for they are still models of style, and they opened the way for FENELON, BOSSUET, MONTESQUIEU, &c. &c. who have rendered the LANGUAGE the principal instrument of the glory and power of their country.

IN ITALY, SPAIN, and PORTUGAL, the national institutions affording no motives to genius; and the prejudices influencing them opposing all valuable ingredients of generous emulation, they exhibit the shadows only of political and moral powers. What is the effect of music, or of poetry the mere vehicle of music, on the spirit and manners of a people?—And while an author, who would give such lessons to despotism, as would have been allowed, perhaps contemned, by Alexander, Augustus, and

Louis XIV. would be plunged into a dungeon, the genius of Spain is driven into romance and the drama, and, in the latter, nearly concentrated in one writer,* who is said to have produced eighteen hundred plays, without a sentiment that rises above the buffoonry, which the most gloomy despots tolerate in their rools !

These considerations, however feebly stated, show the importance of those objects, and the utility of those classes, for whose relief the LITERARY FUND has been instituted.

* Lopez de Vega.

SECTION IV.

EVILS AND MISERIES OF LITERATURE.

Great men, like rich ores, have base mixtures.

WHILE I maintain that the influence of GENIUS and LITERATURE on the destiny of man, is of unquestionable importance; that books are the best, the noblest monuments of all nations; and that ages can transmit to ages, no inheritances so valuable as the thoughts and productions of men of talents,—I must allow their ABUSES and EVILS are dreadful objects of contemplation.

It will not be suspected to be my intention to question the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. I have never failed in my own case, to assert and exercise it on its utmost limits.

All governments and all laws which forbid their own examination and criticism, do, *ipso facto*, acknowledge their injustice. Kings, priests, ministers, and magistrates, who prohibit all questions on their conduct, do, by the prohibition, confess they are tyrants or impostors.—But this subject is not before me. I mention it, to prevent misrepresentations of my sentiments, on the evils of literature in modern societies.

Though a man's reputation be his second life, often more his own, and dearer than the first; though general calumny, may be considered as the most detestable species of sacrilege; its punishment was left by the ancients to public contempt. Great and good men were then, as they now are, supposed obstacles to fools and knaves; and the elevation and fame of excellent characters, must have been, as they now are, offences to little minds. But the resentment of offences did not constitute employments; nor

were the avenging furies, numerous and malignant. We read of no beings analogous to the literary pugilists, bruisers, bullies, and bravoës of modern ages.

PHILIP, of Macedon, was obliged to employ a Page, who pronounced daily to him, "REMEMBER, PHILIP, THOU ART A MAN."

ROME was so slow in the production of this spirit, that no *critic* appeared previous to Quintilian, unless we except Bavius and Mævius, immortalized by Virgil and Horace; yet, how superior is the Latin language to the dialects of modern nations!

Personal qualities out of the question, because they are only as feathers on the surface of the subject; a GOVERNMENT, the perpetual object of animadversion, satire, ridicule, and obloquy, is a phenomenon peculiar to modern times. It will not be pretended, by any real scholar, that the ancient governments possessed more virtue than the

modern; yet they never engendered classes of men, whose occupations were satire and libel. Whence, in modern societies, this endless tribe, this everlasting succession of writers, swarming like locusts, and, by their numbers and voracity, daubing and destroying all character public and private; fighting, for or against the same governments, by detachments; descending to classes and individuals; and spreading dismay and terror over all families and all persons: who are formed, by literary jobbers, into indefinite and lurking bodies, and who even defame, and tear, and devour each other! Whence are they? Surely not from any causes having the most distant analogy to the LITERARY FUND. I feel a species of shame for those sophists who have affected to perceive in that Institution any tendency to foster those causes.

Not being immediately bound for the Moon, I will not seduce the reader

at this time into a discussion of the philosophical system, in which genius is the sovereign, learning the food, and property the cement, of society. But I must seriously affirm, that government to be unskilful or negligent, which does not particularly attend to the most powerful instrument, in the formation and direction of public opinion. How to command, without perverting, this power; how to regulate the liberty of genius, without chaining down its sublimest and most useful faculties; is a problem of difficulty, which my experience and talents may not solve: and if all its terms were ascertained, its application should not be left to literal and verbal lawyers; it is the business of a PECULIAR JURISDICTION.

If genius and literature, liberally and scientifically cultivated, were qualifications for public employments, many of the evils I have stated, and most of the reasons of the Institution for a

LITERARY FUND, would be removed. Administrations of government render the emoluments of their offices high; but the competition is not that of scientific or literary merit. It seems to be a maxim of modern policy, that the faculties employed in intellectual occupations, and those immediately applied to the interests of life, should be separated.

Governments, therefore, do not generally and uniformly occasion a demand for scientific and literary talents.

Nor can we say, that is the case with the public. The public, like an individual, seeks its immediate and supposed interest or amusement, and encourages those efforts of talents which may procure them. But in essential services, the result of long and profound inquiry, the public has seldom much discernment, and the preparations for works of great utility, require a previous expenditure, the general source of the misery of genius. The philosophic

ignorance and darkness of Europe, might have been called a DEMAND' for the discoveries of BACON and NEWTON. But where was the CAPITAL to support the long and painful studies that produced them? If circumstances, which may be called accidental, had not procured them time and leisure, their philosophy and all its advantages, would not have been produced.

In the modern establishments of relative value, between mental and bodily labour, the difficulty of ascertaining a standard, induced genius and learning to call in auxiliaries, to prevent the necessity of perpetual evaluations, by the privileges of PROFESSIONS, and the institution of ORDERS and CORPORATIONS.

Thus divinity, law, and physic secured, by their privileges, the rights of mental talents and labour in certain orders; but those privileges cannot be extended beyond the limits of the professions; and experience demonstrates these pro-

fessions do not monopolize the genius and talents of a country.

Since the establishment of professions, reformations and revolutions, even in that establishment, and the indefinite fluctuations of general science and of the arts of civilization, have rendered new considerations necessary in ascertaining the relative value of mental and bodily labour.

Where are those considerations admitted?

Frauds are daily committed with impunity on the property of talents; for if any thing can be called a man's property it is the produce of his mind, which, in the common transactions of life, would be severely and even ignominiously punished. Proprietors, who circulate their lands, their houses, their manufactures, their industry, and their personal services, have claims to equivalents. Why not talents and learning? Every thought, as well as every bodily

action, in an intelligent and industrious nation, is thrown into circulation ; persons who can turn it to profit, though its conception was far above them, acquire the art of surreptitiously obtaining it ; and provisions of justice to protect the original proprietor are difficult and generally ineffectual.

The real palladium of civil liberty is, that all obligations be liquidated by equivalents, according to the determination of some law, some fixed maxim, some species of arbitration, or of a jury. Even the state or the government should not be sheltered from such claims ; in the just discharge of which, it would find its account, by being delivered from indefinite and inordinate pretensions, and from that malignant species of discontent and satire, which the most splendid and profuse patronage scarcely mitigates, and never can remove.

The allotment of an equivalent, by a rule applicable to all cases, where

corporeal and incorporeal services are interchanged, is a measure of political NECESSITY; it would extract, more effectually than any thing which has hitherto been applied, that venom of dissatisfaction, that spirit of disobedience and resistance, which the injuries of literature will ever generate, and it would diffuse an equitable sentiment of satisfaction through the whole political body.

Even a literal lawyer must allow, that mental, as well as corporeal services, constitute those claims which are denominated *jura*. The most useful value is in the highest order of talents; for all the industry and labour, and all the risque of capital and credit, for the application and modification of inventions, are considerations of a secondary nature. Is it wonderful men of genius become exasperated and turbulent, when they find an equitable distribution allowed in every province but that of literature? The state derives immense

advantages from what may be called the incorporation of the common stock of the knowledge of the country, on which every capitalist and every adventurer draws at his pleasure. Great portions of this stock are furnished by persons who linger out their lives in obscurity and want.

Can no equitable mode be devised of assigning equivalents, which would admit of the accumulation of wealth by speculations, and, at the same time, preserve and animate the general spirit of inquiry and discovery; prevent the empiricism of patents, and the numerous artifices of adventurers, with and without capitals, to make the public refund, with enormous profits, the expence or hazard they have incurred, in consequence of having obtained or stolen the new and ingenious ideas of studious and unfortunate men?

I will not insist that men of genius and literature should have JURIES and

JUDGES from their own peers; but no object can be of greater importance than to assign them equivalents, to the just extent of the services they render. Whatever has a value, should be ascertained; and when that value changes hands, or is applied to the use of others, or of the public, it should be entitled to an equivalent, by some general and equitable mode of determination.

In the career of military glory, the candidate of superior talents obtains his reward, besides gratification from public opinion. It is not so, in the general career of genius. Why? Because legislators and magistrates always comprehend the uses of military, seldom those of literary, genius. They also FEAR what they do not understand; and, by jealousy misplaced, render pernicious those talents, which might be of the highest service to them. They do not distinguish between GREAT MINDS and

STRONG CHARACTERS. The former always appear in small numbers, and are found in studious retirement ; the latter are common, for superficial knowledge and violent passions are their ingredients, and they have constituted, in public life, the principal revolutionists and many of the ancient and modern statesmen, and, in private, all its enterprising and terrific villains. The dread of these characters, and of the libels they scatter, like fire-brands, around them, frequently involves the great man and the great villain, or forces them into a common cause ; and the want of discrimination in these important cases, has left marks of despotism on the laws of this country, equitable and liberal as they are, compared with those of other nations, which even judges who had cultivated a taste for letters, have feared to soften by lenity.

Talents, thus oppressed and denied the rights of indemnification, have some-

times recourse to SATIRE and LIBEL, and are justly dreaded;—but who are the real AUTHORS of those libels? Those, surely, who commit the injury, not those who resent it.

The common herd of libellers belong to literature, only because they use the alphabet. Satirists, by trade, deserve notice only when, like malicious boys, in coarse and ignorant play, they deface and mutilate the finest statues. Literary bravoës can neither honour nor degrade any man; their affected esteem does not flatter; their affected contempt never tarnishes. Calumnies, commanded by political factions, and expressions of esteem, inspired by fear or venality, are the dregs of literature, and they tend, of their own accord, to the filthy gulph of everlasting oblivion. They are arrested in this noisome career by notice, and even by punishment.

Are these the produce of the LITERARY FUND, or of any causes analôgous

to it? Or, has the beneficence of the Society any tendency to produce, or to encourage them? The union of malignity to real talents, a rare phenomenon! is owing to negligence or injury. Factions employ literary blood-hounds, or the race would be extinguished. It has been the great object of the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND to close the impure and abominable sources of calumny. Even the prevalence of satire it has discouraged, as depraving the public taste, and diffusing a spirit of cavil indiscriminate criticism and petty discontent; and that has been effected merely by annexing its grant or benefaction, not always to the most brilliant or successful but, to the most useful production of the claimant.

In a view of the causes of the evils and miseries of literature, the laws concerning LITERARY PROPERTY cannot be omitted. These laws have been formed by lawyers, who, it is to be hoped,

were not men of letters. Literary property stands on equal ground with every other species, acquired by human invention and industry; yet the author's right to the produce of his own mind is limited to a certain number of years, and cannot, beyond that term, be bequeathed to his offspring.

It is said, "The glory of a great man is the patrimony of his country." Why, more than the corn of the farmer, or the productions of the manufacturer? Its superior importance is surely in favour of the original proprietor; and the useful ideas thoughts and inventions of a man of genius, cannot, without atrocious injustice and injury, be applied to national use, while he and his family are destitute and distressed.

What objects, in the political œconomy of a country, so important as those persons, whose laborious studies are, or might be directed to its general benefit? What negligence in any system of laws, which

leaves such men and their offspring to penury and want, the prolific parents of private and public crimes?

Laws are generally formed by LAWYERS, commonly called LEARNED, and assented to by landed and commercial legislators. Is it not wonderful it never occurred to the imaginations of such persons, so fond of establishing honourable and opulent inheritances in their own families, that the descendants of the best and most useful writers, of men whose thoughts are the sources of general improvement in morals manners and public wealth, are commonly the inhabitants of work-houses, or begging at the thresholds of those speculators and adventurers who live in luxury on the works of their parents and ancestors.*

* Nothing can be farther from my intention than, by any general expressions in these Essays, to reflect on the trade of booksellers. In my own experience, which indeed has been very confined, I have seen, nothing to distinguish it from other branches of commercial transactions, except the peculiar

But I wave these hereditary claims, as not immediately before me, in the hope that some person more conversant in jurisprudence than I am, may do them justice.

My business is to account for evils imputed, falsely in any degree, to an Institution intended and employed to mitigate and prevent them; and to cherish the public disposition to support or relieve real talents and learning, whatever humanity may determine concerning the families of their possessors.

Whether all literary productions should be subject to a small but perpetual con-

dition of the Literati, which condition has not been occasioned by the trade. From the complaints of authors applying to the Society, I should infer that the trade of booksellers, like all other trades, is infested with speculators, jobbers, and swindlers, without impeaching the fair and general principles on which it is founded, and its great utility acknowledged. These adventurers owe their existence and occasional prosperity to the unfortunate condition of literature; the fair and honourable tradesman, as well as the fair and honourable writer, is deeply interested in its prosperity.

tribution? and on what conditions such portions of literary property should be rendered inalienable? are questions which I will also leave for future discussion.

It is sufficient for me to prove, or to think I have proved, that the evils of literature generally spring from negligence and injustice towards men of letters.

The consequences have been, throughout Europe, an inveterate warfare between literature and governments, WHICH NEVER CAN BE TERMINATED, but by the arbitrations of equity and justice. No bulwarks of restraint, no modes of punishment, can long shelter any society which is insensible of the dangers of irritating into despair the noblest and most powerful minds.

SECTION V.

PATRONAGE.

—— prior læsit——

IT has been alleged, THE SOCIETY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A LITERARY FUND, indirectly blames a country, which has liberally founded schools and universities; supports a learned and opulent ecclesiastical establishment; and whose nobility and gentry are disposed to literary patronage.

The ecclesiastical establishment is not the effect of literary patronage, though literature be encouraged by it. Ecclesiastical property is owing principally to the accumulation of private donations and bequests, and it is secured on the

common principle which sanctions testamentary legacies.

When government combines the effects of private zeal into a national establishment, it forms a corporation whose object is, not literature but religion, and the encouragement of its ministers to give the satisfaction and, what may be called, the merit of virtue to the necessity of obeying the laws.

Where the study of the national religion requires a certain degree of learning, the support of the establishment preserves that degree ; and, by affording genius liberal leisure, it does, in many honourable instances, promote the interests of general literature. But religion, not literature, is its object. .

Society, therefore, does not discharge its obligations to literature, by the support of an ecclesiastical establishment, the talents of whose ministers are appropriated to the national religion, and by which it is impossible even to imagine

the genius and literature of a country can be monopolized.

The English UNIVERSITIES are the most noble of all literary institutions, in ancient and modern times; perfectly suited to the condition of society at their foundation, they completely formed in their schools all the abilities then required. To be destined for a profession, by being educated on any of the foundations of an university, insured some species of support, and even consecrated beggary was relieved with reverence. The literature of those ages, therefore, did not plunge its votaries into misery.

The universities, which are among the most opulent corporations of the country, extend their privileges at this time to the protection of many of their members; but not of all; and if of all, their influence would be very limited. The Reformation has considerably narrowed the demand for those qualities which they were appointed to furnish,

and genius and literature, without the limits of their protection, are abandoned to the chances of life.

Besides, “ the charitable foundations
 “ of scholarships and exhibitions, attach
 “ great numbers to studies and pursuits,
 “ which the spirit of the times renders
 “ neither useful nor convenient.”* Can
 they be blamed for having been thus
 educated? Or, could it have been in
 the contemplation of their parents, that,
 with cultivated minds, and with habits
 of study, they should be preserved from
 starving by a LITERARY FUND?

I should be sorry to be supposed inclined to declaim against the universities. They proceed in the paths of their original destination. It is not in my province, or within the reach of my abilities, to point out modes of accommodating these venerable institutions to the spirit of the times. In estimating the patronage afforded to literature, by their means,

* Adam Smith.

I am obliged to state, even in some circumstances of that patronage, a powerful and permanent cause of misery to men of talents and learning.

Indeed, there seems to be no principle in modern society, which has a tendency to convert the claims of genius into a stock, affording incomes to those entitled to them, creating a literary on any similar grounds to those of ecclesiastical property. Every student, who quits the university without a provision, is liable to all the evils which the LITERARY FUND is intended to mitigate, and into which he has been seduced, not by the hope of that mitigation, but by the early temptations of an unsuitable education.

Such education, when not followed by an employment, or introduction into a profession, sends into the world, the great market of mental as well as corporeal employment, commodities which are not demanded. The balance of reciprocal competitions is broken, and a

peculiar misery introduced, by preventing that just arrangement of relative value, between the productions of mind and body, which the interests and pursuits of the community might otherwise have preserved.

Scholars, who are sheltered within the boundaries of an university or of a profession, have a security in the exertion of their talents, similar to that of property, which is the principle of active and honourable industry.

Without these boundaries, there is no such security. The student who passes them, replete with knowledge and sanguine in his hopes, will find his claims, even to justice, unacknowledged or denied. He will see every thing, exchangeable for money, guarded with all possible security; but if he suppose genius, the inventor of money, talents, which ascertain the relations and uses of all species of property, to be in all cases and in all their exertions, intitled to similar

justice, he will be soon and miserably undeceived. Courts of justice, spiritual and temporal, can recognize only the claims of privilege and property ; and his classic and poetic visions, if he cherish them, will only deepen the gloom of his disappointment and despair.

If, from the UNIVERSITIES, I conduct the reader to the SCHOOLS, particularly those denominated Free Schools, though we shall not differ respecting their origin and intention, we may, on their effect, as the instruments of national patronage.

One of the circumstances which most forcibly attracted my attention, in the first efforts towards instituting the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND, was the general description of the proper claimants. They were men completely educated, on foundations which had devoted them to learning, but without any provision or employment for that learning.

When the piety and benevolence of our ancestors formed those foundations, learning was the qualification for all employments, and it was justly said to be “better than house or land.”

Education, then, never engendered false hopes, never formed studious or sedentary habits, which, without support and employ, must always ensure the perpetual penury and misery of the student.

I desire it may be observed, I do not here consider CHARITY as a religious or moral principle, when it derives beauty and merit from the mere intention of the agent, but as it supports numbers, which, by their education instruction or employment, may be either advantageous, or disadvantageous to society ; and I cannot but hope, when the practical information derived from the transactions of the Literary Fund, is fully understood and considered, it may

influence the general conduct of charitable institutions.*

Managers of charities are, sometimes, overwhelmed with despondence, at the

* A friend, who perused these Essays in manuscript, referred me, in this place, to Mandeville on charity-schools, which I had either never read, or had totally forgotten. But no objects can be more at variance than Mandeville's and mine. He would have all charity-schools destroyed, in order to preserve the lower classes in that ignorance and stupidity, which are necessary to his system of government. My wishes are of a nature directly opposite, with respect to the instruction of the poor. But I should be led too long out of my way, to answer Mandeville, as the maxims he would support, affect the foundations of political societies. I cannot help noticing, however, a striking similarity in the sentiments of Mandeville, and of those who object to relieving the miseries of literature, lest that relief should encourage the production of literati. In these Essays, the general nature and purpose of charity-schools, are not under consideration, but a few only of their indirect effects, and the consequences of persisting in all the original views of their institution, when some of those views are no longer in harmony with the prevailing ideas of public utility.

When, therefore, I trace the miseries of literature, to charitable institutions, as I often shall, I am not to be understood as questioning their utility

apparent increase of misery, by the very means intended to relieve it. And this is actually the case in some institutions.

In the lowest, and most wretched classes of the poor, parents divide, and subdivide, a miserable pittance among

or their motives, but pointing out, in the province of literature, and the condition of scholars, some of the consequences of inattention to all their effects.

My friend expresses himself thus:—

“ It is affirmed the evil is promoted, and the numbers increased, &c.

“ This argument, or objection, deserves to be particularly noticed; not because it is speciously covered with the cloak of humanity, for that is a stale artifice; but because it is stolen from a writer, whose opinions, being condemned and burnt by the common hangman, ought never to have been revived on the lips of those who have advanced them.

“ In what honest line of life, I would ask, *except the paths of literature*, are we so scrupulously benevolent, that we dare not relieve the actual misery of men half-starved and diseased, for fear our charity might indirectly encourage others to pursue the same unfortunate trade in future? Is it thus we regulate our conduct to the wretches who lose their health and their

the produce of their union, until want, and the fear of want, generate crime.

“limbs, in the most unwholesome occupations, to
 “promote our ease and luxury? Do we hold this
 “language even to the poor *emasculated* chimney-
 “sweeper, whose case has been examined with such
 “political and anatomical accuracy as would shock
 “the ear of a novice in those studies?—I believe
 “not.

“Our tender-hearted *political anatomists* have
 “arrived at this height of skill and humanity,
 “upon no other subject than that of literature;
 “and as the case of the sooty tribe has been lately
 “made an object of parliamentary inquiry, and a
 “few tolerable regulations have been enacted, it
 “might appear, at first sight, that the art of sweep-
 “ing chimneys by men is of more indispensable use
 “to society, than all the sciences included in the
 “word Literature. But it has not escaped suspi-
 “cion, that gentlemen, objecting in this manner to
 “the Literary Fund, may possibly have more in
 “view than ever Mandeville himself had.

“Mandeville, I believe, was never in office, nor
 “beneficed in any way whatever; he confessed he
 “dreaded the extention of literature eighty years
 “ago; therefore, he wished to destroy all chari-
 “table institutions for reading and writing.

“Our modern *philanthropists* refusing (which, I
 “believe, Mandeville would not have refused) to
 “alleviate the *existing, and increasing learned*
 “*misery*, continue to entice, and take great merit
 “for withdrawing, poor children from the labours
 “of agriculture, &c. &c. &c.”

This situation naturally excites compassion. But what is compassion without judgment? Hospitals and houses of industry are filled. Want and misery spare the remaining children of the wretched parents—and criminals are as numerous as ever.

CHARITY, in many of its institutions, ancient and modern, has had a tendency to dishonour *labour*, the first duty and obligation of man; and whether it bestow literature or industry, it must create a disposition to desert agriculture. The children of peasants are taken from the bosom of their parent earth, and clustered in schools and manufactories, which would attract sufficient numbers, by the advantages they hold out; and they daily swell all the idle and vicious classes of national population. When the progress of industry is more rapid, because more encouraged, than that of agriculture, which is the case at this time in England; when the numbers of

mechanics, tradesmen, artizans, artists, and petty scholars, are swollen beyond their due proportion to the surplus quantity of food produced by labour ; to persist in directing the funds of public and private charities into these channels, is not augmenting an useful population ; it is promoting a competition, which is already injurious to labour ; it is raising the price of subsistence ; it is encouraging a vicious procreation, and increasing the general misery.

I hope not to be mistaken on these delicate and interesting subjects. The laws seem anxious for the preservation and augmentation of numbers. This is certainly not their province. There is an imperious faculty in human nature, which has never failed, and which will never fail, to keep up numbers, in their full proportion to the quantity of subsistence. The objects of the legislature are **SUBSISTENCE** and **EMPLOYMENT**, not **NUMBERS**, which, unem-

ployed, produce evils, instead of removing them.

It had appeared to me, before I experienced its effects in the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND, that the indiscriminate mode of disposing and placing children, brought up by charity, had a tendency to exhaust one part of the nation, to render another part idle and vicious.

If the children preserved by charity, were generally consigned to farmers, under stipulations for certain instructions, and not to schools furnishing them with a little useless learning, they would assist in producing the food they consume; more food might be produced; the industrious, the ingenious, and the learned, might be fed better and cheaper; and an useful population increased. By placing them in mechanic, mercantile, speculative, and literary classes, the relative disproportion between those who purchase, and those who furnish

subsistence, is continually increasing, even if the effect should be to render them industrious: but if, as is commonly the case, they should prove idle and vicious, CHARITY will have given PREMIUMS for the production of the most dreadful evils that can infest society.*

But not to spread my sails too widely on this sea of difficulties. When, from the children of despair, who are educated in literature, with vague and indefinite prospects, some are preferred to dignities, some are detained by factions as advocates, some by jobbers as amusing literary gladiators—the effects on the

* An English VIRGIL, at this time, would be an inestimable public blessing; if he were to direct the force of his eloquence, and the charms of his poetry, to the restoration of considerable portions of the children of charitable institutions to productive labour, under certain humane regulations, to be enforced by the magistrates; and if he could render that labour honourable, by teaching the rural echoes of England, such strains as influenced Rome to pour its population over all Italy,

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint

Agricolas!——

VIRG.

remainder are horrible ; and their vices, which may be called the vices of their country, are peculiarly malignant and incorrigible. Their injuries often amalgamate in their minds all sentiments of right and wrong ; and I have seldom seen a man in distress, in consequence of disappointments in literary views, who could retain those principles, by which the unfortunate, in other distresses, either sustain their peculiar miseries, or extricate themselves from them.

When such persons, by satire or libel, revenge this cruel neglect, I might call it cruel injustice, on the government that permits it, on the inattention of the opulent and great, or on the insolence of their brethren, who, by intrigue or servility, have emerged from this “ slough of despair,” they are corrected—I suppose they must be corrected—with a rod of iron ; which may silence, or render some of them dastardly, but

never has rendered them truly virtuous or useful.

Who can harbour doubts, on contemplating this general source of literary misery in England, concerning the effects of the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND.

Are free-schools and charity-schools under its direction? And when those schools have fulfilled the views of their institution, by furnishing the talents and accomplishments, for which there is a demand; is it in the power of the COUNCIL or COMMITTEE of the LITERARY FUND, to restrain and limit their produce by that demand, and to prevent or check literary misery in any of its SOURCES?

They who have blended this Institution with other charities, which may be liable to the imputation of fostering the evil they pretend to remove, have never inquired, or have not sagacity to perceive, whence those swarms of distressed scholars are derived, with which

this country is dishonoured, and sometimes greatly incommoded and disturbed. A little trouble, a little judicious inquiry, would have traced them. They are brought forth in considerable numbers, and in constant succession, by institutions and customs, piously and humanely intended; but for all the productions of which, at this time, there is no demand.

“Give them an education,” says ignorant and charitable Opulence, pointing at the squalid offspring of the famishing poor. WISDOM would say of the greater number, “Give them nutritious food, “and certain elementary instructions, “and inure their bodies to labour.” They are all immured in hospitals and schools, deprived of bodily exercise, and fed sparingly, but disciplined into a wretched species of LITERATURE, which they are instructed to believe is a PATENT for riches and honours. With bodies rendered unfit for labour, with sedentary

habits, a passion for reading, and an expectation of being provided for and distinguished, they enter the world.

In these circumstances, the best disposed may have the fewest chances. They who are early susceptible of servility and intrigue, succeed in various directions; but when the professions are supplied, the surplus produce of many charitable institutions in Great Britain, is an endless succession of petty scholars, whose misery is the opprobrium of modern literature.

When the most ancient of those institutions were established, the church demanded the whole of their produce. It was one of the errors of the REFORMATION, for even that glorious event had its errors, to continue those sources of supply, in their primitive state and direction, when it had nearly withdrawn the demand.

The effects of despair, on disappointed and lively talents, have appeared in

enormous indiscretions, religious, moral, and political; they have been particularly associated with complaints of national grievances, and claims of extended liberty. Wherever discontent obtained the slightest footing, it found, and it will always find, ready and powerful auxiliaries, in this species of literature; and England, by its negligence or inattention to the effects of its ancient schools, and of some of its modern charities, has produced classes of literati, not only detached from the community, BUT AT ENMITY WITH IT. Suffering under the injudicious administration of public institutions, they become their cavillers and critics; and passing from particular into general objects, they assume the rank of speculative legislators, and form or destroy, in idea, and at pleasure, the political constitutions, and fundamental laws of human societies.

Hence—i. e. in the negligent admi-

nistration of English institutions—the origin of modern, formidable, literary sects, which passed through America into France—all LEGISLATORS by profession; those who could read the SPIRIT OF LAWS, and those who could not compose a paragraph for a news-paper, without offending against the common rules of grammar.

In France, they obtained power; and power was a licence for revenge. Their revenge has been satiated, and their power checked; BUT THE INSTITUTIONS OF CHARITY STILL PRODUCE THEM. The severity sometimes exercised in their punishment, when sincere, is the effect of ignorance; when affected, it is the cloak of hypocrisy.

If every one of them were at once executed, in a short time they would be succeeded by equal numbers

The celebrated law of the Constituent Assembly of France, to prevent its own re-election, I have been assured, by

well-informed members, had nothing in it disinterested, for it was produced by terror. The Jacobins sounded in its ears, “The nation swarms with well-informed patriots, who must be elected, for all the literati are legislators.”

All the persons from which these classes are formed, have CLAIMS, I will not say to compassion and charity, but to JUSTICE, SOMEWHERE; and if it cannot yet be rendered by the laws, which are obliged to punish offences and crimes, whatever their origin, we must endeavour to administer the best substitute for it we can afford, in the corrective humanity * of the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND. †

* The society to relieve prisoners for small debts, acts on a similar principle. It does not question the proceedings of the laws, but, by a judicious application of charity, prevents, or alleviates injuries, which are not in the contemplation of the laws, though they may be the occasional consequences of their strict administration.

† In this place, a Member of the Council of the Society has made the following observations:—

“There is no doubt, I think, of the general justice

PRIVATE PATRONAGE, whatever the rank or opulence of the patron, is generally a subject of ridicule, rather than discussion, according to the information

“ of these observations ; but an objection may here
 “ be urged, that it is not *scholars* but *authors* which
 “ the Literary Fund professes to relieve ; and they
 “ must be authors of *merit* and *utility*. These, I
 “ doubt, form a very small part of the petty scho-
 “ lars described, who issue forth from our numerous
 “ charity-schools, and are not always either ele-
 “ gantly accomplished, or deeply learned. Of the
 “ surplus number of scholars turned adrift on the
 “ world, a vast proportion will still remain, who,
 “ without that degree of literary talent, which gives
 “ a title to benefactions from the Society, yet are
 “ sufficiently informed, and active, and subtle, to
 “ do infinite mischief, if not usefully employed.
 “ Yet the Society cannot, upon its present plan,
 “ find them any permanent employment. This
 “ suggests a notion, that, if the Fund were suffi-
 “ ciently augmented, its objects might be extended,
 “ and its Constitutions new-modelled, so as to render
 “ it a society for affording not only temporary sup-
 “ port, but procuring permanent employment, for
 “ every scholar of good morals and abilities, un-
 “ provided with a profession or situation. Or a
 “ distinct society might be formed. Such a plan,
 “ however, would require the patronage of the
 “ heads of all the learned professions, and a very
 “ active, as well as an intelligent, committee.”

The writer had not perused the concluding section of the CLAIMS OF LITERATURE.

I have obtained; and that has been principally from the narratives of claimants on the LITERARY FUND.

Uniformly humble in the tenor of my own life, I have ever had the good fortune to be at equal distances from the advantages and the miseries of PATRONAGE; but the measures necessary to the establishment of the Fund, produced interviews and communications between me and several persons, denominated patrons, and numerous conferences with disappointed and distressed dependents.

I have hardly ever conversed with an English MECÆNAS, who did not imagine men of genius and learning should be poor, because poverty impels exertion. The fruits of dire necessity, and of literary leisure, are, however, extremely different. But those patrons have been generally collectors of books from vanity, half-learned, demi-connoisseurs, open to gross flattery on account either

of birth, fortune, or other circumstances, which neither bestow, nor exclude, talents, virtue, or merit.

I do not dispute the consideration due to rank, in all societies, where it is attached to them by the laws. But if rank and distinction are, as they should be, owing to ancestors, who possessed genius and talents, patronage, rightly understood, is only the just homage of rank and fortune to the talents that established them.

EMPERORS, KINGS, and PRINCES, have, universally, protected learning, in proportion to their own merits. But their ministries are commonly formed on the principles of trading companies; and men of genius, not free of the company possessing the monopoly of the day, are considered as enemies. Without a disposition, or a reason, for the most distant personal allusion, I think it is difficult for a minister to patronize, without corrupting; and the

inspiration of genius is always suffocated by corruption.

I do not wish to depreciate men, on account of their situations. There is an attention due, in certain societies, from literature, not only to ranks, but to offices ; there is, in all societies, a greater attention due, from **TITLES AND OFFICES**, to **LITERATURE**.

The art of instructing and enlightening mankind, claims a precedence to every other, because the extent of its utility is greater than even that of governing national societies, the most desired privilege of humanity. A man of genius always does honour to his country, which is seldom done by the rich man, not often by the man of rank, and not always by the minister.

No instance has occurred in my knowledge, and the business of the **SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND** has rendered that knowledge extensive, where a minister has protected a man of genius.

and literature as such : the protection of **HERSCHEL**, in England, an honour to the country, is generally understood to have been the private inclination of the King.

If this noble example cannot be followed, genius and literature should not be motives of exclusion from all offices and employments. The studies of **BACON**, **MILTON**, **NEWTON**, **ADDISON**, **PRIOR**, and **BOLINGBROKE**, did not incapacitate them for employments. And if statesmen, instead of advancing the domestics of their own families and those of their friends, were to bestow the places at their disposal on men of real literature, the advantageous effects would soon be perceived, not only in the conduct of business, but in the general morals of the country.

But not a shilling is devoted by the public, to the support, to the relief in distress, or to the solace in misery, of those persons, whose talents and inven-

tions direct and modify all useful employments, without participating in their profits and comforts.

Men of genius, like all men of large possessions, are inattentive to little things. They are, therefore, generally the instruments and the prey of mediocrity, which is frugal and prudent, which often strips them of their fame, as well as the profitable fruits of their labours.

MAHOMET PATRONIZED a Greek monk, to write the KORAN for him. Though he affected to be the friend of Heaven, and asserted that God wrought miracles for his glory, not one of them bestowed on the prophet the faculty of reading and writing. However that may be accounted for by a learned commentator, the real author of the KORAN was probably paid sparingly, and robbed of the fame that accrued from the work.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU, not content with having concerted measures for his

canonization, treated with CORNEILLE for a splendid portion of literary fame, and offered him an opulent establishment, if he would yield to his patron the reputation of the CIRCUM.

No cases have more powerfully roused my indignation, in the occurrences of the LITERARY FUND, than this fraudulent and abominable species of patronage; by which talents in distress have been seduced to assist the views of imposture, and have been defrauded of their paltry recompense. Scholars of high rank, and writers of great reputation, have sought shelter in the LITERARY FUND from the conscious ignominy of aiding the most execrable miscreants, in the country to appear as authors; for the VAMPIRES of this age, not only suck the blood, but the thoughts of the unguarded and unfortunate.

What can be said of the PATRONAGE that admits of such degradation?

In less atrocious cases, **PATRONAGE** is the price of an unfortunate man's liberty; it is the prerogative of insolence and outrage; it is despotic sovereignty over an abject dependent, whose abuses are, to the last degree, humiliating and oppressive.

The **RICH** can hardly ever be patrons. They have no feelings in common, no real sympathy with distressed scholars, as they may have with other persons involved in misery. Fortune may reduce the opulent to poverty, but cannot bring them to the condition of distressed scholars.—Rich men are generally disposed to contemn, or to think they contemn, men of genius in misfortune, because they are not aware of the difficulties of producing ideas of real utility, or works of unequivocal merit. Riches may be easily acquired; they may be acquired, almost to a certainty, by common sense and unremitting industry; they may be acquired by gamblers, speculators,

swindlers, and criminals ; they may be acquired by every class, but that of fools. Men of genius, by the opulent, are, therefore, denominated fools ; and the charity they bestow on them, when they bestow any, is similar to that they extend to idiots and lunatics.

Where birth, fortune, and education unite to influence the judgment and taste, as might be supposed of the NOBILITY, a real and liberal patronage may be expected ; but it would be expected in vain.—I put out of all consideration, the disposal of ecclesiastical benefices, the protection of political partizans, and the discharge, or commutation of obligations to academic, or travelling tutors.

When the CHURCH ruled the province of literature, it circumscribed and compressed the horizon of genius, and prohibited the analysis of certain orders of opinions ; but it permitted and encouraged the nobility in patronising works

of taste, and in cherishing those thoughts and feelings, to which poetry owes its interest and importance.

THE LAW—I mean the profession of the law—has succeeded the CHURCH in this dominion; but it has proved less favourable to literary patronage, as well as to taste and elegance of language. Lawyers, who are not more tolerant than they represent priests, if genius glance on any institutions and customs by which they profit,—by introducing a contentious eloquence into parliament, disadvantageously affect all real taste for literature, and all dispositions to protect it.

An elegant taste, even in language, is of great moral importance. It is also of the highest political utility, in a profession from which the nobility is recruited, and which furnishes the leading and governing members of the British houses of parliament.

I will not affirm, that judges should

not have vulgar persons ; but I am sure, while the judicial bench and the bar are the nurses^{rie} and schools of the legislature, that the language and manners of those schools are of the utmost importance, and they particularly affect the PATRONAGE of literature.

They who remember an HARDWICKE and a MANSFIELD, men of superior genius, free from arrogance of tone and revolting expressions ; they who recollect, that the heavy, but necessary, sentences of punishment, which, from others, have excited horror and hatred, from them produced only salutary sorrow or pity, will feel the influence of literature on the determinations of justice ; but the different effects of the introduction of such persons into the noble and legislative classes of the country, where we generally expect the PATRONS of genius and literature, are not easily estimated.

The PATRON OF HORACE was the

first minister of the greatest empire that ever existed. A feudal noble, influenced by the church, treated honourably, and protected liberally, the literature of his age; but lawyers, who, in the indiscriminate practice of the bar, have acquired fortunes and honours; rich merchants, and warriors however brave, cannot be expected to have just ideas of that PATRONAGE, which supports, without humbling, and which cherishes, while it seems to offer only the tribute of justice to the ambition of superior talents.

Literary distress, it might be imagined, would deeply interest the female heart; but though, in all its circumstances, it is the most affecting, **every** method hitherto devised, by the managers of the LITERARY FUND, has scarcely introduced it to the attention of any elevated and opulent women.

The claims of other charities, which

sometimes sooth, sometimes wrench their sensibility, attract them in great numbers; but the miseries of genius impress by reflection, not merely by sentiment; they affect the sensibility of the mind, not that of the organization; and the useful and sublime virtues, in the contemplation of the promoters of the peculiar benevolence, employed in the relief, of literature are generally the produce of reflection.

PATRONESSES there are, of fulsome flattery, or of political parties, but none of general literature, and real genius, on their own account; for all, of those pretensions, have been repeatedly “touched with the spear of Ithuriel,” in the efforts towards establishing the LITERARY FUND.

The female claimants on this Fund are as numerous as the male; but SEVEN LADIES ONLY have assisted it with their subscription.

PATRONAGE, in England, may, therefore, be pronounced a precarious and melancholy resource. Perhaps patronage, accurately defined, may be justly extended only to the ARTS. GENIUS, and LITERATURE the food of genius, implies every thing important to man, who looks beyond the mere exertion of his bodily powers. The invention and direction of every thing useful and agreeable, are owing to them. They are, therefore, not to be merely patronised, protected, or encouraged; they are essential parts of society: and the policy that unnecessarily restrains, or indolently neglects them, is ignorant of the public interest.*

* It is said, Johnson pronounced the booksellers the best patrons of literature in England. This is a presumption that he found them just in their dealings. But booksellers can only be factors, acting on prevalent customs; and however just their transactions may be, they cannot be denominated patronage, which is the protection of merit,

injured or depressed, and which cannot be steadily and usefully afforded in England, but by societies possessing funds from subscription, applied by disinterested committees.

SECTION VI.

· LITERARY FUND.

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.—VIRG.

IF the evils and miseries of literature be not removed, by the CHARITABLE ESTABLISHMENTS and PATRONAGE of the country, it may be asked, how can they be removed? It is neither within my province, or my ability, to answer the question.

It has been lately the fashion to criticise national institutions. Nothing so easy; nothing so arduous, as a real practical reform. Evils sometimes press on societies, at all points, and seem to determine their nature and form. He must have a stronger spirit of enterprise, and a different ambition from

mine, who would suddenly dissolve even those societies, and hazard the portions of happiness, with which the members of them ameliorate their general condition, on the result of their reconstruction.

Under a conviction, that many of the charitable institutions of this country, founded and supported by the most excellent motives, are so far from being remedies, that they furnish many of the sources of the evils, which the Literary Fund is intended to mitigate or remove; if I had any Utopian hopes or prospects before me, I would venture to suggest, that the legislature should appoint a COMMISSION, OR BOARD, to examine the nature and operation of CHARITIES, and particularly of SCHOOLS FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

It is not my intention, in these Essays, to animadvert on the general customs of EDUCATION. But a species of revolution, which has lately taken place

in it, multiplies the claimants on the LITERARY FUND. I cannot, therefore, avoid hinting to those who may have the power, the necessity of checking and correcting the effects of this revolution.

MR. LOCKE took some exceptions to the general mode of enforcing, on children, the pursuits of learning. Those exceptions, exaggerated by the imagination of ROUSSEAU, were rendered subjects of alarm to all Europe; which, as usual in all alarms, has been driven into the opposite extreme.

I may claim some attention on the subject; for I know of one person only in this country, besides myself—MR. FLORIAN, at Bath—who has made fair and full experiments on the principles, which have been the means of this revolution.

I am not instructed in the fate of Mr. Florian; but, with every precaution I could devise, and with degrees of

resolution and perseverance, which are not very common, I was generally disappointed; because the system had not sufficient analogy with the state of Society. THE YOUNG OAK, TO BE AN USEFUL TREE, MUST NOT BE REARED IN A HOT-HOUSE.

Since that time, a sentimental philosophy of education has been established, which is professed in several of the nurseries and academies of the country.

All branches of learning are made not only easy, but amusing; and the successful art of seduction, the principle of this mode of education, is that of applying perpetual stimuli to the sensibility and imagination of the child.

Accordingly, every thing is taught by a story, a tale, or a romance; and the pupils, male and female, to the relief of their teachers, are speedily qualified for those great UNIVERSITIES of Britain, the CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

I will not dwell on the enervating influence of this system of education. While courts of law are punishing vices, and declaiming on the general dereliction of moral faith and virtuous principle, they seem to me employed, like the husbandman, who prunes the branches, instead of pulling up the roots, of a poisonous plant.

The sons and daughters of farmers and tradesmen, in these sentimental schools, by the perusal of tales for children, and the adventures of imaginary heroes and heroines, acquire a taste for romances; and when, at their own disposal, they have lost their health, and all useful capacity, by the perusal of FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND NOVELS, of which the general course consists, they die of ennui, nervous atrophy, or consumption; or they commence AUTHORS. Of all the claimants on the LITERARY FUND, the most numerous, and the most importunate, are the SICKLY SPAWN of this SENTIMENTAL

EDUCATION, the male and female pupils of the CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The COUNCIL and COMMITTEE can only adjudge their applications ; an authorised BOARD might prevent their reproduction.

But the immediate duty of such a BOARD would be the right direction of all the effects of charitable institutions.

It seems to be their general purpose, to prevent the offspring of the indigent, from falling back into the unhappy classes that produce them. But, does it remove, or even mitigate, their distress ? Hardly ever. The children, taken away, are replaced ; and misery, crime, and mortality, alone, limit their propagation.

How to remove this general source of human misery, I am not here called upon, if I were prepared, to show. But a COMMISSION, or BOARD, would receive sufficient information, to regulate the effects of the general disposition to bene-

volence, which, while it laudably attempts to smooth the asperities, and soften the evils, of life, is the frequent cause that employments are misdirected, and the nation encumbered by its population, even when its general numbers are not increased.

It might also represent to the legislature, with effect, that children, taken from the obscurity of their families, and instructed in literature, or prepared for any employments or pursuits which are overcharged with competitors, are peculiarly the children of the public; having been forced into situations of danger and distress, by a power they could not resist.

The remunerations of genius would not then be left to PATRONAGE, the most capricious and unjust of all judges; they would be adjusted by some reasonable scale of equivalents, in the jurisdiction of a competent court. Men of rank and fortune, particularly those in

public employments, are enabled, by men of genius, to perform public services, and to sustain parts above their own capacities. In such cases, they actually confer faculties of public utility. Where are the principles of justice, on which they may claim a full compensation? Where are such men to look for a real equivalent? To the gratitude of the puppets they have assisted to display themselves? A LIBERAL JUDICATURE is imperiously demanded, by the injuries of genius, and particularly by the dreadful evils of its resentment and revenge. Such a COURT would judge equitably of these rights; perhaps as accurately in all cases, as when the value of a man's thoughts, time, and labour, are realised in any palpable substance. These incorporeal rights are readily ascertained, in the attendance of menial servants, in the advice of physicians and lawyers, in the skill of tutors; and in offices of

national administrations, they confer privileges and wealth, to an endless line of descendents.

Surely, if a perpetual right of retribution from the people be justifiable, in any such cases, a small and general imposition on the actual productions of genius and literature, should preserve their real authors, and their immediate descendents from want and misery.

But leaving these regulations to some greater man, in better times, it is sufficient to observe, that the SOCIETY FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A LITERARY FUND, owes its origin to such views of the importance of literature, and of the evils attending a general negligence of learned misery, as I have given.

Several fruitless attempts were made, before a small association could be formed, of which, if the author should think any future opinion of him sufficiently important, to be rectified by MEMOIRS, the curious reader may find

minute details, when he shall be no more.

Here, it can be necessary only to relate, that consulting an aged and experienced bookseller, on the means of removing the difficulties in his way, the old man exclaimed, “ Good God ! Sir, no body “ will meddle with authors.”

However, the conversation terminated in his engagement to become a subscriber, provided his advice were taken, to associate literature with the arts, or with any class or description of objects, less obnoxious to general apprehension and terror.

Several artists having been consulted, and a few gentlemen having expressed a disposition to encourage the attempt, the annexed advertisement * was published, with no material effect.

* LITERATURE AND ARTS.

The humanity of the public has been directed, by numerous examples, to distressed talents, in several pursuits: but **MEN OF LETTERS**, whose

But the subject having been frequently discussed, in the conversations of a CLUB—the general origin of enterprizes in England—it had taken possession of the minds of the members; and when the news arrived, that FLOYER SYDENHAM, the beloved friend of several of those members, had silently suffered extreme distress, and died in poverty of a broken heart, a resolution

studies preclude pecuniary attention, and ARTISTS of great merit, often suffer in poverty, and sometimes die in want.

A small number of Gentlemen, in whose knowledge affecting instances of this nature have occurred, wish to *try the public principles*, on a subject so interesting; and they solicit the friends of literature and the arts, to assist their design, by sending schemes or calculations, for the following purposes :—

I. By monthly, quarterly, or yearly subscriptions, of moderate amount, to provide for the wants of sickness and age, and for the decent termination of life.

II. By similar subscriptions, to preserve widows and orphans from distress.

The calculations may be suited to various classes, incomes, and intentions; but they must be simple and perspicuous: directed *For the Friends of a*

was adopted, to expiate the grief and shame of the event, by a MONUMENT TO HIS MEMORY, in the institution of Literary Fund.

Eight Gentlemen subscribed each a guinea, which they repeated three or four times in the first year, to keep an advertisement generally before the public, of which a copy is subjoined ;* the Constitutions were drawn up, a

Literary Fund; and left, sealed, at the Prince of Wales Coffee-House, Conduit-street; where a book is opened, in which the names are to be entered, of those who would encourage the undertaking by giving in schemes, or by becoming members and benefactors.

No money will be received, until a Committee, Treasurer, and Secretary be chosen, by a general meeting of the friends of the Institution, which will be speedily appointed.

London, Oct. 1786.

* LITERARY FUND.

The humanity of the public has been directed, by numerous examples, to distressed talents in several pursuits: but MEN OF LETTERS, whose studies often preclude all pecuniary attention, suffer in poverty, and sometimes die in want.

A small number of Gentlemen, in whose know-

Committee and Officers appointed, and the Society, in miniature, was formed.

The advertisement continuing to draw

ledge, affecting instances of this nature lately occurred, have formed the outlines of an Institution to relieve and support genius and learning in sickness, age, and at the termination of life; and to preserve from distress the widows and orphans of those who have any claims on the public, from literary industry or merit.

The CONSTITUTIONS OF THE SOCIETY are printed; and sold for the benefit of the Fund, by L. Davis, bookseller to the Royal Society, opposite Gray's Inn; Robson and Clarke, Bond-street; Walter, Charing-cross; Elmsley, Strand; and Sewell, Cornhill.

The above booksellers, Mr. Sloman, at the Chapter Coffee-House, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Mr. Limmer, at the Prince of Wales Coffee-House, Conduit-street, are authorised by the Gentlemen sustaining the first trouble and expence of the Institution, to receive subscriptions, to be carried to Mr. Coutts's, banker, in the Strand; where the subscriptions and the address of subscribers are requested to be left.

The money will remain in the hands of Mr. Coutts, until a general meeting of the subscribers, publicly announced, appoint a Committee and Officers for its application.

London, 10th of May, 1788.

numbers, and the receipts of the Society exceeding its expenditure, the cases of claimants were taken into consideration, and relieved;* and its first anniversary held on the 18th of May, 1790.

It was not proposed by the INSTITUTION, to remove all the inconveniences, which accrue to LITERATURE in England, from the various causes already enumerated, and particularly from a misdirected education. These are legislative objects. The SCHOLAR must assume the character of an AUTHOR, to acquire a claim to the attention of the Committee. Even to AUTHORS, that attention is circumscribed.

A government, having nothing to apprehend from LITERATURE, might absorb this Institution in some general regulations, for the support of talents, or in some TRIBUNAL of genius and learning, on the encouragement or the

* See the Summary of the Transactions of the Society.

depression of which, depend all the important distinctions of nations.

The humble substitutes of such a tribunal are the COUNCIL and GENERAL COMMITTEE of the Society, described in its Constitutions; which, with funds and powers, inadequate to their purposes, have difficult offices to discharge.

To apportion the honourable indemnities, which the LITERARY FUND may afford; to seize the moments when those indemnities may prevent despondence, the parent of crime, and rouse the efforts of sinking talents; to distinguish the plausibilities of pretenders from the claims of genius; to separate the squalid impurity, and criminal dross, which the necessities of a second nature have attached to minds of native excellence; to resist importunity, and even the seductions of mere humanity:—what discernment; what probity, what force of character, are required in their members!

It is, however, the distinguishing happiness of this Institution, that it does not, in any degree, produce or foster the evil it is intended to remedy. It does not, it cannot, turn towards the pursuits of its unfortunate objects, a greater share of the talents and industry of the country, than would go into them of their own accord, as may be the case with other charities: for men cannot furnish themselves with genius and learning at their own will; they are furnished by nature and education, without a choice. The balance of employments, throughout the country, is, therefore, never disturbed by the LITERARY FUND; and if it enable men of genius, already educated, to exert and employ their talents, it must contribute to the advantage and perfection of all other employments.

But the virtues and merits of literature, in all its departments, like the rules of grammar, in all languages,

are not without embarrassing exceptions.

Compensations for long and painful inquiries, abstracting the inquirer from the œconomy of his affairs, may be acts of justice, easily rendered, if the means be at hand ; and the removal of many of those distresses, which discourage ingenuity, and repress all intellectual emulation, may not be difficult, where the characters are blameless : but where crime, offence, and misconduct, have been the produce of, perhaps, inevitable misery, the business of the COUNCIL and COMMITTEE requires discretion, for they are liable to error, as well as to animadversion and blame.

It is impracticable to form an exact THERMOMETER, which the COUNCIL and COMMITTEE may apply to the varieties of literary distress. They have wisely adopted a general rule, to favour the claims of real genius, or superior talents, whatever may have been their

private circumstances, and even their errors. Men most susceptible of great excellences, are most liable to great faults; and the business of the COUNCIL and COMMITTEE, is not with those who are preserved in insignificant uniformity, from want of passions, the companions, if not the seeds, of genius; but to encourage or console real talents, when well employed, and to restore them to the paths of honour and utility, when driven, by misery, into error and crime.

Perhaps the difference of CURTIUS and SYLLA, may have been only the difference of circumstances. We blame poverty for not producing virtue, at a time when money is infinitely more honoured. CÆSAR would have laughed at the satyrist, who had reproached him for not possessing the virtues of CINNATUS.

The same talents, and the same passions, which, in easy or affluent cir-

cumstances, may inspire us with the love of private and public virtues, might, in those of distress or oppression, have abandoned us to the opposite vices. Man is helpless and miserable. Pity, even in common cases, enumerates his sufferings, never his faults. “ I am
 “ not miserable ; who will believe me,
 “ if I say, it is because I have no
 “ faults.”

The spirit of CANDOUR, inspired by this Institution, has soared above all distinctions of NAMES and PARTIES, even in a period when public and private happiness were sacrificed to them. While Europe was hostilely divided by partizans, and a political delirium perceived nothing generally but aristocrates and jacobins, despots and anarchists ; within the sphere of this Society HUMANITY saw only MEN.

There are, however, depravities and profligate abuses of talents, which the Council and Committee think a duty to

treat with neglect or abhorrence; they change the useful direction of all mental pursuits, and violate, by false associations, the natural distinctions of good and evil.

The SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND, though not connected with any political or civil department of the public administration, thinks itself nevertheless obliged to act as the FRIEND OF THE COMMUNITY; and it is its fundamental law, that its beneficiaries should be, or should discover a disposition to become, useful writers.

Speculative men, who examine the modes of regulating societies by institutions, are generally neither useful nor hurtful in the degrees commonly assigned them.

There are men of genius, who think in allegory and imagery; but they are few, and they are never dangerous. The philosopher, who taught the Eastern despot, by the incidents of the game of

chess, gave no alarm but to the despot's conscience.

Indeed, literature is very seldom, though frequently supposed to be, the instrument of sedition or conspiracy. Milton justly observes, "The Christian
" faith; for that was once a schism; is
" not unknown to have spread over all
" Asia, before any Gospel or Epistle
" was seen in writing." All treasonable measures, ancient and modern, have shunned every thing analogous to the press or to publication, until their principal and most important effects were produced.

Men of talents, in distress, are generally of that class, which covets the fame of extensive utility, but finds too powerful competitions in all useful employments. Being denied support, in seeking and discovering unknown regions of science, they continue, by the cultivation of learning, communications with those already discovered; or they be-

come translators, who are literary merchants, or importers of foreign knowledge. In this class they may be very useful. They who develop the scientific discoveries, or render any of the noble productions of foreign talents familiar to their fellow citizens, are like the inventors of navigation, or of bridges and roads, which facilitate communications between country and country.

And when profound ideas cannot be conveyed to the public, until reduced to simple and clear propositions, men may be useful in retailing those ideas, though they employ only secondary talents. In this class are, compilers, and writers of books for children, who do not add to the common stock of knowledge, but increase its utility, by diffusion.

Even as novellists, writers may be forgiven the injuries they commit, when they harmonize and improve the language; for the art of saying nothing

elegantly, becomes, in time, the art of expressing ideas; and the early habit of harmonious sounds, and beautiful expressions, may be of great importance, as writers capable of analyzing ideas, may be induced, by pleasing examples, to adorn their inestimable thoughts with the charms of an elegant style.*

EVEN LITERARY INDOLENCE, in disappointed men of letters, is not to be wholly overlooked. It would be grateful to those who have nothing left, not even in hope, to be allowed, in a condition of mere competence, the captivations of intellectual pleasures, which never cloy, never satiate, never disgust, admit neither of tedium, nor dissatis-

* I would not be mistaken on the subject of style. When I sit down to Locke, it is to plain food; when to Montesquieu, it is to an elegant banquet; when to Rousseau, or to Burke, it is to a bottle of wine, or of ardent spirits. Locke and Montesquieu express thoughts, Rousseau and Burke express passions.

faction, and diffuse a serenity uninterrupted and everlasting.

But when authors, disappointed of useful employments, or unsuccessful in them, seek consolation in the vanity of passing illiberal judgments on others in secret tribunals, and become the means of involving them in similar misfortunes, the feelings of compassion yield to considerations of discretion and utility, in the assistance to be afforded from the LITERARY FUND. SCHOLARS are the more sensible of these injuries from each other ; as the motives are despicable, the interests of mercenary employers, and a dastardly species of envy. Claimants of exclusive fame, susceptible of lively jealousy, have always disturbed the republic of letters : but they have always been least numerous in the highest classes ; where it is universally acknowledged, that the large stock of public esteem is fully sufficient for all those who can fairly and directly draw

on it, and the laurels of Parnassus are sufficiently numerous for all the heads intitled to wear them.

Ancient literature, to the beauties and excellencies of which we can scarcely be said to be approaching, was not a subject of criticism by occupation. Compositions were recited or read in public assemblies. The art of printing has subjected them to general and deliberate perusal. Hence the origin of modern criticism ; on the good and evil of which I shall not decide. My business is only to observe, that real and useful critics, and those whose perpetual cavil and disguised calumnies deprave the public taste, and infest conversation and social life with an insatiable spirit of censure and detraction, would have a very different reception from the COUNCIL and COMMITTEE of the LITERARY FUND.

PROFESSED LIBELLERS are out of the question ; their cases are not taken

under consideration, unless accompanied with promises and hopes to adopt honourable and useful employments.

These promises and hopes are always liberally admitted; and in such cases the Society is truly disposed to imitate an example of high authority—where more joy is expressed over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine who need no repentance.*

On a plan so extended, it may be imagined, the multitude of claimants

* Without this consideration and candour towards the early errors of genius, the LITERARY FUND would be of little or no service to the public. I do not recollect a single instance, where a youth, of high talents and great learning, committed to himself, without provision and without interest, has surmounted the first instigations of misery or [despondence, to impeach the government of his country, if not the providence of God, by whom he seemed to have been totally abandoned. The apology is in the peculiar severity and cruelty of the case. And if the LITERARY FUND succour not those who would recover themselves from such situations, without the slightest retrospect or reference to former conduct, the Institution can be of little or no utility.

cannot be supported or relieved; and that the object of the Institution, on this account, must be defeated.

If it were the purpose of the Society to provide a maintenance, or to answer the demands of all claimants, I should think it unattainable.

There can be no doubt, that the indirect influence of the LITERARY FUND will produce effects of more extensive benefit, than those of its immediate operations.

All civil communities acknowledge a tacit species of contract with superior talents, to provide for their support, while they illustrate principles, and perform actions, of public utility. What must be the effect of annual notices, from a numerous and respectable Society, of the violation and negligence of this contract; of the shocking disproportion, or want of analogy, between the rewards of literary genius, and those of directing talents in government, in

war, in commerce, and in trade? Can it be imagined, when the Society traces the miseries of literature, and the evils they occasion or inflict, to several institutions of the country, by which youth are unintentionally and unwarily led into unfortunate situations, those institutions will not receive different directions, or that they will be multiplied? Can it be supposed, on receiving unquestionable information of the misdirection of charities, in withdrawing from the number of those labourers, who should be employed in producing necessities, and cramming the mechanic and industrious classes, that government will continue to suffer the children of charity, which should be the children of the public, to be made petty scholars, and to receive patents of idleness, after struggling in vain with numerous competitors, in those arts that produce fine clothes, furniture, diversions, and other transitory gratifications? If it should not

return them to relieve agricultural labour, by partaking and lightening its burthens, it may take them from the dangers of low and venal literature, and its general temptations to censure, cavil, personal satire, calumny, turbulence, and sedition ; and employ them on roads, bridges, canals, and harbours, which are permanently useful to society, and occupy the industrious, without rendering them luxurious, and corrupting their morals. The active and discerning members of the Society, will have frequent occasions to compare the effects of public works with those libels, lampoons, satires, romances, and novels, or with those frivolous festivals, which turn the pursuits of industry to objects that enervate, debase, and corrupt the mind. The public imagination would be terrified at a description of the mingled effeminacy and turpitude, produced by perverted talents, which menace a rapid decline, and sometimes the general ruin. • •

Rome outshone the world, when it produced the literature of C^ICERO, and when its surplus labour was employed on aqueducts and roads; it survived but a short time a vicious and corrupt, caste, and the splendid suppers of H^ELIO-GABALUS.

These may be the indirect effects of the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND.

Those which may be more immediate, must be more bounded and humble. If the Society should not convince the state, that it is its interest to support liberally, and even to augment the numbers of men of talents, as its prosperity augments; it will, for it has, enabled profound knowledge, and great learning, to avoid, or to surmount the evils attending their usual, and almost necessary, indisposition to calculate profit and loss. For, it should always be recollected, on this subject, men of genius are seldom rich, from the superior attractions of its pursuits. In all modes of obtaining riches,

superior talents, devoting themselves to the pursuit, would seize the prize ; and cases might be produced, analogous to the history of the philosopher, who, on being reproached with poverty, embarked in commerce ; accumulated a large fortune ; divided it among his friends ; and returned to his beloved philosophy.

By excluding all ideas, and avoiding all expressions, that may humble or insult misery, so sacred as that of literature, the Society obviates many of the private and public injuries, occasioned by indiscreet and indelicate patronage.

Common benefactions require from beneficiaries, that they should have the prudence to appear humbled.

“ Remember, my son,” said Parmenio to Philotas, “ that the friendship of ALEXANDER is always conferred on an inferior.”

No prudence of this kind is necessary

in any intercourse with the Society for a
LITERARY FUND.

A GIFT to talents and genius, is, in some cases, the worst of insults. A rich man seldom can bestow any thing beyond a donation. Talents require justice only; indemnification for long neglect; reparation for lasting injury.

GRATITUDE and INGRATITUDE are not to be found in the real vocabulary of the Society; and it is not gratified when they are profusely introduced even in the letters of the claimants. Let men of genius receive justice, before they are required to be grateful. The complaint of ingratitude is generally an additional outrage on the misery of literature. Science and letters have never failed to preserve, most honourably, the memory of those who have favoured and protected them. On the slightest glimmerings of justice and beneficence, who can hear the strains of DRYDEN, or the voice of a French

ACADEMICIAN, who can peruse the Elegy, by GEDDES, on the death of Lord Petre, and say, Men of genius and learning are ungrateful ! The statement of a fair account between talents and literature on the one side, and rank and fortune on the other, written by a TACITUS, would add a HORRIBLE CHAPTER to the HISTORY OF DESPOTISM.

What a devastation of genius and talents is occasioned by these circumstances—all originating in LITERARY INDIGENCE ! How numerous the evils, which the humble, but steady, efforts of the SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND may prevent, by merely removing the absolute INDIGENCE of ingenious and learned men !

For me, if by argument, attention, and assiduity, I could essentially contribute to the permanent establishment of a large and regulated society, acting uniformly and impartially, on the

principle of benevolence, which has hitherto directed the LITERARY FUND: if I could see the Society sufficiently powerful to sustain, above indigence, all unfortunate men, of great talents and genius—the most valuable acquisitions to society; and to influence and improve the general condition of eminent and useful literature: if my wishes were, in any considerable degree, realized, by means of this Institution, to convert literary misery, which is now, and WHICH MUST EVER BE, the source of discontent, faction, and revolutionary enterprize, into a spirit of public health and national improvement:—if I could hope, that, in some future time, the truths exemplified by this Society, might induce an enlightened legislature, to form a LITERARY JURISPRUDENCE, to allot to GENIUS, in all its exertions, an equitable portion, present and eventual, of the effects of those exertions,—

I should think, in proportion to my attention to its proceedings, I had rendered my country the most important service,

“ I’d weigh it as the action of my life,
“ That must give name and value to the whole.”

DAVID WILLIAMS.

Brompton-Row,
12th of May, 1801.

CONSTITUTIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

IT is the purpose of this Institution to establish a fund, on which deserving authors may rely for assistance, in proportion to its produce.

An annual subscription, not less than a Guinea, entitles the subscriber to a voice in the deliberations of the SOCIETY.

Donations of Ten Guineas, and upwards, within one year, constitute subscribers for life; and legacies in trust will be gratefully received.

The powers of this SOCIETY are vested in a PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENTS, three REGISTRERS, three TREASURERS; a COUNCIL of not more than fifty, and a GENERAL COMMITTEE of twenty-one

Members, seven of which go out annually, according to priority of service, and are then eligible into the Council; the members of which, may, after three years, be re-elected into the General Committee.

Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Registrars, and Treasurers, when they decline their re-election, are eligible into the Council.

Subscribers residing at considerable distances from London, who interest themselves for the Society, and, while in town, attend the Committee, may, at the end of three years, be elected into the Council.

All these regulations imply, that the parties continue their subscriptions, or are Subscribers for life.

The ordinary business of the Society is transacted by the GENERAL COMMITTEE, on the third Thursday in the month, consisting of its Officers and Members. Five constitute a Quorum. All

extraordinary occurrences are to be referred to the COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL.

All Assemblies and Committees are directed by the President, by a Vice-President, by a member of the Council, or, in their absence, by a Chairman appointed for the time. The Council must be directed by the President, by a Vice-President, or a Chairman from its own body.

At all Assemblies of the Subscribers, Councils, or Committees, the decisions are by a majority; and the President, or Chairman, gives only a casting vote on an equal division.

The meetings of the General Committee are open to the members of the Council; who may, on all occurrences, assist by advice, but not vote on debates, unless necessary to make up the Quorum. If any irregularities or abuses appear, or be supposed, to arise, two members of the Council, by directions to a Registrar, or by letters from them-

selves, may assemble the whole Council, to consider the measures in question, to obviate or approve their effects, and to suspend the operations of the Committee, of the Registrars, Treasurers, or other Officers, until the general sense of the subscribers be taken ; which must be within a month of the time of suspension.

Temporary vacancies in the Committee, or in the offices, may be filled up at the discretion of the Council.

Every Subscriber must be summoned annually, on the third Thursday in March, to choose Officers, and to supply the vacancies, by rotation or any other circumstance, in the Committee and Council ; or such as may happen in the offices of President, Vice-President, Registrar, or Treasurer.—These Officers are appointed annually ; but the offices may be continued in the same persons as long as the Society may think expedient or necessary.

The pecuniary appointments for Collectors and Messengers (all other offices being discharged gratuitously) must be assigned and approved at their respective elections. These officers may be suspended or discharged by the General Committee, on a complaint properly supported by a member of the Committee, or of the Council, or by a Subscriber. Security may be taken, by the Committee, for the execution of their trusts.

All applications for relief must be made to a Registrar; who may immediately summon a Committee, if the cases be urgent; if not, he shall present them at the first meeting.

The assistance afforded to Authors in distress, or to their widows and children, shall be at the discretion of the Committee, and may be transmitted by a Treasurer, a member of the Committee or Council, or by a Subscriber, according to its order; for the receipt of which

donation he is to produce an acknowledgment.

All the stock, property, and revenues, of the Society must be invested in the public funds, in public and competent securities, or deposited at a banker's. No money must be drawn for, but by an order of the Committee: no securities changed; nor any part of a capital, whether in estates or funds, disposed of but by consent of a General Meeting of the Subscribers.

Books of Accompts by a Treasurer, and books of Transactions and Occurrences by a Registrer, are always liable to inspection by the Committee and Council, or by any of their Members. They are open to any Subscriber, applying to the proper Officer.

As, in the business of the SOCIETY, cases may occur, requiring more inquiry and more secrecy, than are consistent with the proceedings of the GENERAL COMMITTEE; and some deliberation

may often be necessary, previously to the proposal of measures, or the nomination of Officers, &c. to the General Committee, or to the SOCIETY at large.

The President, two of the Vice-Presidents, five Members of the Council, one of the Registrars, and one of the Treasurers, shall be annually nominated, and constitute a COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL; the whole to be summoned on business, but three to form a Quorum.

To this COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL all applications made to the General Committee, and all other matters requiring investigation, shall, at the request of two Members, either of the Council, General Committee, or of the Society, be referred.

It shall particularly inquire into the situations of Authors, reported to be in distress, whom modesty, or pardonable pride, may have prevented from preferring their applications or claims, and

give in its information to the **GENERAL COMMITTEE**, in a manner that shall not expose such Authors to any mortification.

The said **COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL**, if the President should be prevented from attending it, shall communicate with him, by one or more of its Members, and take his opinion on all matters to be proposed at any Committees, or to the Society at large.

It shall also, previously to all elections, by General Meetings, form a list or lists of persons, in its opinion, fit to be elected, and submit the result of its deliberations to the electors; not, however, precluding the nomination of another person, or persons, by any member of the Society.

The said **COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL**, acting only in cases not provided for by the Constitutions, shall have no power of granting relief to Authors by its own authority; but its Members, like all

those of the Vice-Presidency and Council, may supply deficiencies in the General Committee, when unable to form a Quorum. It shall not interfere with the power of the SOCIETY, in establishing general and permanent rules, or do any act already provided for by the CONSTITUTIONS.

The said COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL shall be open to all the Vice-Presidents, to all Members of the Council, and all the officers of the Society, when specially summoned, at the desire of two Members of the Committee.

The Names of the Members of the Committee of Council shall be thus † distinguished.

N. B. These Constitutions, or any article of them, may be revised, corrected, or altered, at the general or annual meeting of the Subscribers ; provided a requisition be previously made, to that effect, by the majority of the

Council or of the Committee; that the subjects to be submitted to the Subscribers be prepared by the COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL; and that notice be given in the circular letter to the Subscribers, of the intended revision.

REMARKS

ON THE CASES IN WHICH RELIEF HAS
 BEEN ADMINISTERED FROM THE
 LITERARY FUND.

THE Society for a Literary Fund, during nearly twelve years, which have elapsed since its first institution, has administered relief in one hundred and ninety-six cases of distress; the number of persons who have experienced its bounty is one hundred and five; and the sum distributed amounts, in the whole, to £. 1680. 8s.

It has been usual to print short accounts of these cases, and insert them in a book, distributed to the subscribers and other respectable persons, who might become patrons of the Institution.

This mode, however, experience has shown to be liable to strong objections. If any author relieved, had been expressly named, or the circumstances of the case set forth at large, (which, in many instances, would, in effect, be the same) the feelings of unfortunate persons would be wounded, and, in some cases, their consideration in life be lessened and their future prospects destroyed.

It was, therefore, thought fit to publish the cases anonymously, and without such distinct references, as would guide a stranger to the knowledge of the persons relieved. This, however, appeared to most readers uninteresting and un-instructive.

On the present occasion, therefore, it has been thought fit to examine the books anew, to describe, as instances, a few cases, in which, owing to the death of the parties, or their known circumstances, delicacy to them is out of

the question, and to offer some general remarks on the rest.

The very first case of a meritorious scholar and author, in distressed circumstances, which attracted the notice of the Committee, was that of the learned, but unfortunate, Dr. Harwood; a man whose perfect knowledge of the learned languages, and laborious diligence, both as an oral instructor, and writer, scarcely procured him a scanty and precarious support.

In the infancy of this Institution, and when its funds amounted to little more than was required for the expences of printing and advertisements, this deserving object repeatedly received assistance, which, if it did not place him in affluence, rescued him from misery and despair. Other authors, moral and political, of great merit, and a few, of great and deserved celebrity, received assistance from the Committee, to the utmost of its powers; but these being still

alive, and it being an inviolable rule of the Committee, not to publish the names of living objects of their attention, those *members of the Society* who wish to be minutely informed, may have recourse to the records of the Committee, which they have a right to inspect, and which are always open to the examination of any subscriber to the Fund.

In this early period of the Institution, a Lady, well known for works of the imagination, equally amusing and instructive, being in narrow circumstances, was enabled, by the assistance of the Society, to place her son in a situation that promised a provision for life. Thus were some distinguished persons assisted from the Literary Fund, while its sources were scanty, and its bounties necessarily limited. But several deserving, though less eminent, writers received great alleviation in their distresses; one in particular (a very industrious and useful author) was, for

several years, during which he sustained the most excruciating and incurable malady, preserved from the aggravated misery of want, and when relieved at last by death, from his cruel sufferings, received a decent interment, chiefly by the benevolence of the Society.

Of late years, as the funds of the Society have increased, and the claimants become more numerous, in proportion as it was more known, its benefactions have been more numerous and liberal. Amongst the cases relieved, during this latter period, are several writers of distinguished eminence, whom it would be a gross indelicacy to name, or particularly allude to ; especially since some of them are now in circumstances, that not only prevent their being objects, but may enable them to become supporters of the Institution. The number of less brilliant, but useful, writers, relieved within this period, is also very considerable,

and the cases of a questionable nature, or, where the vigilance of the Committee may have been deceived, few. They will be fewer in future; as all cases that appear doubtful, may, by a late regulation, at the desire of any two members, be referred to a Committee of the President, Vice-Presidents, and Council, appointed for that among other purposes.

It may, however, be satisfactory, and not uninteresting to the public, to know, that, among the cases during this latter period, was a son of the late ingenious and spirited translator of *the Lusiad*; towards the expence of whose education the Society, more than once, contributed by donations for that purpose, to the Gentleman under whose care the youth was placed. Another interesting case, which may be mentioned, was that of the widow and children of that distinguished poet, and original genius, Robert

Burns. Towards the subscription for their relief and future establishment, the Committee contributed a large sum, considering the amount of the funds then at their disposal, and have since made an addition; so that the whole amounts to forty-five pounds.

The above are the only cases, which, it is conceived, can, consistently with any regard to delicacy, or even humanity, be particularly set forth. Many of the others would, if it were proper to exhibit them, prove that the Society, in distributing relief, have not only had regard to the talents and wants of the objects, in behalf of whom it was solicited, but also to the nature and utility of their works. Writers, who have contributed to the instruction of the rising generation, to the advancement of morals, or the support of religion, have, uniformly, obtained its countenance and assistance; while the authors of slanderous, of immoral, or of impious works,

have, in general, been speedily detected,
and ignominiously repelled.

WILLIAM BOSCAWEN,
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL.

From the Minutes of

THOMAS DALE,
REGISTRAR.

Summs paid by the COMMITTEE of the LITERARY FUND, since its first establishment.

	£.	s.
In the Year 1790, (1 Case)	10	10
1791, (5 Cases)	63	0
1792, (12 Cases)	106	1
1793, (9 Cases)	58	16
1794, (5 Cases)	59	7
1795, (13 Cases)	108	15
1796, (29 Cases)	263	7
1797, (31 Cases)	202	12
1798, (18 Cases)	146	5
1799, (20 Cases)	166	11
1800, (25 Cases)	207	4
1801, (28 Cases)	288	0
to Oct. 15th inclusive.	<hr/>	
	£. 1680	8

Exclusive of Subscriptions to the amount of Twenty-five Guineas.

Extracted from the books in the possession of Dr. Dale.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEMS

IN HONOUR OF THE LITERARY FUND.

IT having been judged expedient, that the various poetical contributions to the Literary Fund, together with a few, which have never before appeared, should be included in this publication, a writer of some of those Poems, takes occasion to offer remarks on the object for which the Fund was established, and the principles on which it is administered, that he may not appear to have laboured for a trifling, or an unworthy purpose.

To prevent, or to alleviate that misery which deserving authors, or their

families, so often endure, from distress of circumstances, (arising sometimes from a pardonable degree of imprudence, and often from unavoidable misfortunes,) was the primary motive with those who formed this Institution. By this motive have their proceedings been governed ; (making a due allowance for the errors to which all human judgments are liable ;) and this important object has, so far as their funds have enabled them to effect it, been attained. Several writers of distinguished eminence, whose talents had procured to them more fame than advantage, have been relieved from the pressure of severe distress ; some meritorious writers have been enabled to subsist, till a fortunate change of circumstances has arisen ; some have experienced a soothing consolation on the bed of sickness, or under the infirmities of age and afflictions of want ; and some, though not wholly relieved from indigence, have, by the

occasional interposition of the Society, been preserved from despair and ruin. Relief has also, in several cases, been extended to the widows of such writers, and assistance afforded towards the maintenance and education of their orphan children.

But the benefactions of such a Society should not, perhaps, be exclusively confined to authors of the first rank, in genius and eminence. Numerous are the examples of secondary talents in literature, which, combined with honest zeal, and persevering industry, have materially contributed to the amusement and instruction of mankind. Writers of this class, have, undoubtedly, when in misfortune, a claim on benevolence. This, as a general principle, will scarcely be denied ; but, in the application of it to particular cases, some difficulty in forming a judgment, and occasionally a difference of opinion, among those to whom that judgment is

confided, may occur. The writer, whose works, in the opinion of some, appear to have merit and utility, may, by others of a different taste, be deemed scarcely worthy of notice. It cannot, in such doubtful cases, be expected that the Committee should take upon themselves the office of rigid critics, or weigh the merits and defects of every author, by a nice and exact balance. Some determination must, however, be formed, and it must, in many instances, be formed upon doubtful information, or public repute ; as the distresses of those for whom relief is claimed, will not always wait till their literary characters have been thoroughly investigated, and their merits correctly ascertained. In cases of this kind, the Committee have generally inclined rather to the side of compassion, than that of rigour, and (so far as the writer of these remarks can judge) have deemed it a less evil to risque the danger of relieving an object of questionable literary merit, than

to incur the opposite fault of rejecting a meritorious writer, whose works may have escaped their observation. The nature of an author's writings may also have afforded some guide, in doubtful cases, to the determinations they have formed. Works of imagination, and those whose chief end is amusement, seem, unless their merits are prominent, to have a claim less forcible, than those whose primary object is utility; which may often be attained by inferior talents, when honestly and diligently employed.

Nor have the good or evil tendency of writings, the authors of which are proposed as objects of relief, escaped the attention of the Committee; for, although it would be too severe to deny assistance to a man of talents, on account of every erroneous opinion, which he may, injudiciously, have adopted, or hastily promulgated; yet, if the general scope, and chief object

of his works, be hostile to good morals, religion, or the peace of his country, such a writer ought not, it is conceived, to be deemed an object of public beneficence. Some difficulties may also occur, in the application of this principle:—but it will always be in the power of the Subscribers, by a judicious selection of the persons who form the Committee, to prevent any other abuse, than what may arise from inadvertence or deception; the occasional occurrence of which, can have little weight, when balanced against the important advantages of such an Institution.

The views and principles of the Society being thus explained, it cannot surely be deemed necessary to bestow much pains in refuting any objections, which may have been raised against this Institution. One of them, at least, it is hoped, the preceding statement has fully obviated. The Committee has at no period, since the first establish-

ment of the Society, been composed of persons, who would encourage writings of a pernicious tendency; and they may safely appeal to the journal of their proceedings, as well as to the recollection of such Subscribers as have attended their meetings, against such an imputation.

But the principal objection, and that which several respectable persons seem to have adopted, is the inducement which such an Institution may hold forth, to undertake the profession of an Author, with talents inadequate to literary pursuits, but which, in other employments, might render the possessors of them useful members of the community.

To this objection, it might also be replied, that it assumes the grossest inattention in the Committee, to the views and principles of the Institution. It is hoped the Committee (who, it is to be observed, are under the controul

of a Council,*) has invariably been composed of men incapable of abusing their trust, by inattention to the duties it imposes, or misapplication of the beneficence it enjoins.

But the objection also supposes, that the declared and invariable object of the Institution must be unknown or misconceived. That object is not to reward literary exertions, but to relieve literary merit in distress. The *merit* and the *distress* must be made appear to the Committee; and they cannot often be egregiously deceived in either circumstance, much less in both. It is surely rather an extraordinary supposition, that any, still more, that a considerable number of persons, should become Authors (*invitâ Minervâ*) merely because in the event of poverty and misfortune, they may, if meritorious, obtain a small alleviation of their misery.

* There is also a Committee of Council (lately appointed) to inquire into doubtful cases.

A conduct so preposterous would resemble that of a man, who should expose himself to the hazard of a dangerous illness, or incur the loss of a limb, in order to entitle himself to the benefits of an hospital.

Let us, however, admit for a moment, that these objections have some foundation in truth ; let it be supposed that, among the number of indigent writers relieved, some few, whose works are of a pernicious tendency, may have deceived the vigilance of the Committee, and that the object of the Society, may be so far mistaken by some, as to induce them to look for reward, rather than relief, or to become authors, on the precarious hope of an alleviation to their wants ;—would the possibility, or even the actual occurrence of a few such events, outweigh the beneficial consequences, which have already flowed, and those which may be further expected from such an Institution ?

Should they induce us to repent, that we have, in so many instances, lightened the misfortunes of men of genius or of literature ; and that we have, in some degree, wiped away the stain, which their distresses, and, sometimes, their untimely deaths, have brought upon the liberality of our country ? Were these the only advantages likely to arise from a Literary Fund, what generous and reflecting mind, would not wish for its further extension, and permanent duration ?

But this Institution may be viewed in a more extensive, and, perhaps, equally important light, by considering its probable effects on the literature of this kingdom, and the consequences that may thence arise to the best interests of society. It can scarcely be denied, as a general principle, that the co-operation of minds, differing on other subjects, in one common object of beneficence, tends to the promotion of

candour, and the removal of those prejudices, by which valuable men are, sometimes, estranged from each other. Such, perhaps, has already been the influence of this Institution, on some of its active supporters; such may be its effects hereafter, on those by whom the concerns of the Fund may be administered, and its benefactions dispensed. Thus, an amicable Society (in part, at least, consisting of men of letters) is established, and mutual benevolence promoted, without the dereliction of any political, moral, or religious principle, and a reasonable indulgence for those, who, on subjects of this kind, may have formed different opinions, appears consistent with the most steadfast adherence to our own.

Yet more important is the influence that may be exerted by such a Society, on literature in general, by preserving men of letters from temptations dangerous to their fame, and subversive of their

integrity. The abuse of literary talents is usually engendered by the pressure of want, and cherished by the public encouragement given to profligate ingenuity and slanderous wit. In proportion as this Institution flourishes, in proportion as it becomes known, that none but respectable authors will be deemed worthy of its beneficence, in the same proportion will the hireling flatterer be discountenanced, the malignant libeller repressed, and the daring sophist dismayed. The tendency, as well as the merit, of his writings, being the criterion by which the claims of every writer are determined, the influence of this Society, may, in some degree, countervail the ambition of ill-acquired eminence, and abate the eagerness for immediate profit; two sources, from which have flowed almost all the corruptions of literature, which have often disturbed, and still endanger, the happiness of mankind.

To decide, however, impartially on

the claims of authors, applying for relief, and to distribute, to such persons, the Fund intrusted to their management, do not, the Committee are aware, constitute the whole of their duty. Literary characters, in proportion as they are eminent, are generally unobtrusive—their modesty shuns exposure; their pride disdains solicitation. Unblushing arrogance may force itself into notice, while timid genius languishes in obscurity; and the sturdy applicant may obtain the relief which is due to superior merit, untold, and, therefore, unknown. To obviate, as far as possible, this inconvenience, the Committee have thought it their duty, voluntary to tender their assistance to acknowledged talents, when under the pressure of want, not waiting for applications from the parties, but, in some instances, even courting them to accept benefactions, which honour those who bestow more than those who receive them. On the

other hand, forward and importunate claimants have been heard with distrust, scrutinized with jealousy, and, unless supported by evident desert, resisted with firmness. Thus have they endeavoured to repress ill-founded confidence, and to detect specious imposture; while, in cases that called for liberality, they have spared the feelings of honourable pride, lent a grace to compassion, and combined delicacy with justice.

Such having been the objects of those by whom the Literary Fund was established, and such being the mode in which it is administered, it is for the public at large, to decide whether an Institution of this nature, in a kingdom, famed for its liberality, and distinguished by its love of literature, does not merit a still more general support; it will remain for the Society, to vindicate its claim to that support, by a judicious selection of persons, to whom their concerns are intrusted, and by their zealous

promotion of a plan, which gratifies taste, while it promotes benevolence, and which tends to the advancement of learning, while it obeys the call of humanity.

With regard to the Poems themselves, it is hoped the candid reader will not require in compositions, all of which relate to one subject, that variety, which a multiplicity of topics and occasions might be expected to produce. The writer of this Introduction is well aware how many defects may be justly imputed, and how few merits can be ascribed to his own contributions. But he trusts, that other parts of the Collection, which, on the respective recitations, were warmly applauded, will be found worthy of being preserved ; and that his own attempts, if they obtain no credit to his talents, will, at least, secure indulgence to his motives.

W. BOSCAWEN.

POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ADDRESS

TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET,

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR A LITERARY FUND.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

WHEN Europe's realms were wrapp'd in Gothic
night,

Ere opening Science shed a dawn of light,
Pour'd rays of genius o'er the illumined mind,

Tamed savage life, and humanized mankind,

The untaught noble, o'er his wide domain,

Tyrannic held a solitary reign ;

The barbarous arts of war, his sole employ,

His sole delight, to ravage and destroy ;

And, when the storm of battle ceased to rage,

(Still prompt the imitative war to wage,)

He roused, with horn and hound, the bestial race,

And turn'd his mimic combat to the chase.

Yet, 'mid the revels of the unletter'd throng,
The rude hordes listen'd to the powers of song ;

And, as the minstrel, to the quivering wires,
 Chanted the triumphs of their feudal sires,
 In dumb attention stood the barbarous train,
 And caught some knowledge from the favourite
 strain ;

For still her meanest lay the sacred Muse
 With some faint hue of moral truth, imbues ;
 Some wisdom still the rudest verse displays,
 And some refinement smooths the harshest lays.
 Love, too, whose genial beam no gloom can cloud,
 No folly weaken, and no darkness shroud,
 For higher thoughts the glowing breast prepared,
 And join'd the feeble efforts of the bard.

When the sweet minstrel bade the thrilling note
 Around the rafter'd roof symphonious float,
 Each noble youth saw Beauty's radiant eye
 Attentive fix'd, in speechless extacy ;
 And, as he felt the God's resistless dart
 Strike painful rapture through his throbbing heart,
 His artless voice imperfect strains essay'd,
 To win the favour of the much-loved maid.
 Thus, by degrees, the inspiring Muse refined
 The improving progress of the noble's mind,
 Till, from the first faint blush of Learning's ray,
 Which wakes the unskilful, though the ingenuous, lay,
 Britain beheld full many a noble name
 Shine in the brightest rolls of classic fame ;
 Saw Science o'er the great her light diffuse,
 Poets themselves, and patrons of the Muse.

Yet, while, with friendly zeal, the favouring great
 Watch o'er, of letter'd fame, the rising state ;
 Now, by example, lead the glorious band,
 Now stretch to failing worth the assisting hand.—
 Too oft neglected in Misfortune's shade,
 Unseen, unknown, has modest merit laid.
 Kept back by pride, that haunts the man of verse,
 Or indolence, his yet severer curse ;
 Till Commerce snatch'd the sons of Letter'd Worth
 From the high patrons of illustrious birth,
 And show'd a path that led to wealth and fame,
 Without the sanction of a splendid name ;
 When public praise should finish'd labour crown,
 And point, at once, to riches and renown.
 Yet Commerce oft, with partial eye, pursues
 Capricious Fashion's gay camelion hues,
 Rates each production by the scale of gold,
 Nor asks its genuine worth, but how it sold ;
 On the heap'd counter, while the nonsense lies,
 And charms, with tinsel ornament, the eyes,
 Even the stern critic, though his angry look
 Condemns the tales of folly, buys the book.
 Hence, still a prey to poverty and pain,
 Will unobtrusive Genius sigh in vain,
 The promised meed, while fools and boasters gain.

But, lo ! a Band appears in happier hour,
 To rescue Genius from Oppression's power ;
 Ne'er drawn by party-prejudice aside,
 By partial favour, or repulsive pride ;

But judging merit by its sterling price,
 And only foes to dulness and to vice.
 Generous and wise, they spread, with liberal hand,
 The germs of bounty o'er the Muses' land.
 No more the Sons of Science and of Art
 Ply their bright labour with an aching heart;
 The fervent mind, repress'd by anxious care,
 And Hope's last fading beam quench'd in despair.
 Lo seraph Charity, with godlike aim,
 (True emanation of that holy name,)
 Smiles, as she lifts the downcast head from earth,
 Yet spares the blushes of ingenious worth.

And you, illustrious Prince, who proudly stand,
 The elected leader of this generous Band;
 Science to you, with voice celestial, calls,
 And fondly woos you to her sacred walls:
 And while revered, your honour'd name appears
 In the first rank of Albion's ancient peers,
 While every duty, and while every claim,
 Points out to you the brightest track of fame;
 Fulfilling these, to you the wise shall raise
 The massy column of eternal praise,
 While Science holds this tablet to your eye,
 "The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

LINES

WRITTEN AND RECITED BY THE ELDER CAPTAIN
MORRIS, AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR TAVERN,
IN 1794, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SUB-
SCRIBERS TO THE LITERARY FUND.

YE friends of Genius, friends of human kind,
Who still the throbbings of the wounded mind ;
Ye little flock, selected from the crowd,
The stern, the vain, the thoughtless, and the proud,
To Pity's humble shrine your off'rings bring,—
Afflicted Genius is a sacred thing :
You suffer with the man of studious mood,
Who starves by labours for the public good ;
Whose wisdom forms us, and whose magic pen
Softens our hearts, and tames us into men.
Rouse, Sons of Wealth, whom Heaven in anger sees,
Stretch'd on your sofas, in the pomp of ease ;
Who mark the Poet's or Historian's art,
And praise the truths that never reach your heart,
Who read an author as you quaff champain,
To warm the frozen blood, and fire the brain ;
And, while the flights of genius you admire,
View the scorn'd owner in a jail expire ;
Or, like poor Chatterton, resign his breath,
Self-murder'd, to preclude a ling'ring death.

Rouse, Sons of Wealth, when Pity calls, and find
How woes of sympathy exalt the mind ;
How oft, by small relief in season given,
We build in Sorrow's breast a little heaven :
And who, when such sublime effects are known,
Who but must feel it rising in his own ?

LINES

WRITTEN AND RECITED BY THE ELDER CAPTAIN
MORRIS, AT THE LONDON TAVERN, AT THE AN-
NUAL MEETING, APRIL 21, 1795.

FROM this loved board, unsullied with excess,
Graced by the Friends of Genius in distress,
One eve retiring, and, unused to roam,
I sought my silent, solitary home ;
There pensive sat ; and, as I chanced to doze,
The world of spirits to my fancy rose :—
I saw, imbosomed in Elysium bowers,
That bore rich fruits, and ever-blooming flowers,
Deep in the Vale of Letters, far apart,
Those Wits, who perish'd by a broken heart.
There, underneath a myrtle's fragrant shade,
The love-sick Otway at his ease was laid :
Skill'd from soft bosoms to call forth the sigh,
And draw the pearly drop from Beauty's eye.
But what avail'd the poet's tragic art
To please the fancy, or to melt the heart ?
If loud applause by men of taste was given,
They kindly left him to the care of Heaven.
Close by a sweet-briar, Humour's fav'rite child,
The laughter-loving Butler, loll'd and smiled :

His merry king could all his wit repeat ;
 But, in his mirth, forgot that bards must eat.
 Stretch'd in the shadow of an aged yew,
 The form of famish'd Spenser caught my view ;
 " Sweet shade," I cried, " to genius ever dear !
 " Curst be those iron hearts that drove thee here :
 " But thou, long since removed from earthly woe,
 " Sharest joys immortal in the realms below ;
 " Nor canst thou need, among the unbodied dead,
 " Thy cup of water, and thy scrap of bread."
 On scatter'd roses Plato's child reclined,
 Poor Syd'nham, once the pride of human kind ;
 Whose depth of science all the learn'd approved ;
 Whom every Son of Virtue sought and loved :
 While this meek soul, unfit to bustle here,
 Dwelt with his master in the highest sphere,
 Press'd for a paltry debt, yet loath to crave,
 Despair and honour sunk him to the grave :
 More than one tongue the mournful tale can tell
 How Syd'nham languish'd, and how Syd'nham fell.
His shade it was that spread the joyful news
 Of this Society's propitious views ;
 Unusual rapture seized the spectre throng ;
 They sung ; and this the burden of the song :
 " The reign of British cruelty is o'er,
 " And starving authors curse the land no more."
 'Twas Syd'nham's fate that moved each gentler
 breast
 To tend'rest sympathy with worth distress'd ;

To plead the cause of self-devoted men,
And save from death the martyrs of the pen.
Let *us* then execute what Pity plann'd ;
And Bounty and Good-will go hand in hand.
'Tis ours the hermit in his cell to find,
Neglecting body, and exalting mind ;
The speculative sage, the man of books,
Whom Folly scorns, and Splendour overlooks :
'Tis ours to snatch, from ruin and disgrace
The most forlorn, most helpless of our race.
Then, O ! persist in what you 've well begun ;
Persist with ardour till the work be done :
Your gen'rous efforts shall at length succeed ;
And nations, yet unborn, applaud the deed !

ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE LITERARY FUND, 1795.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN,* ESQ.

I.

YE sacred Bards of elder time,
 Whose genius breathed celestial fire!
 Whose heart-felt rapture soar'd in songs sublime,
 Whose magic fingers swept the sounding lyre!
 Who, proud the heroic chief to crown,
 Wove the bright chaplet of renown;
 Or told, in soft and melting strains,
 The fond despairing lover's pains;
 Or, with your animating breath,
 Kindled the patriot's gen'rous zeal,
 And bade him for his country's weal
 Brave the stern tyrant's power, and smile in death!

II.

Blest spirits! from your starry spheres,
 Where, clad in robes of sapphire hue,
 Ye sit enthroned, oh deign to view

* Author of a Translation of Horace, in English verse.

This flow of sympathy divine,
 This social homage to the Nine,
 Which sweet Benevolence endears !
 And, while the voice of Pity floats
 In soft, melodious, thrilling notes,
 Wake Inspiration's loftier strain !
 Wake the bright hopes of happier days,
 When Poetry again shall raise
 Her genuine song, and heaven-born Genius reign !

III.

Oh, mark the glories of that age
 Which lives in Homer's matchless page,
 When kings, when heroes, could admire
 The glowing verse, the enraptured lyre !
 * High on a throne of silver placed,
 Their festive halls the poet graced ;
 And when he tower'd on Fancy's wing,
 And when his touch awaked the string,
 What sympathetic hearts around
 Beat to th' inspiring martial sound !
 Again he bade the battle bleed,
 And pour'd swift vengeance on the foe,
 While memory of each glorious deed
 Kindled extatic Valour's glow !
 Each warrior chief with fond regard
 Cherish'd the soul-inspiring bard :

* See the account of the Minstrel Demodocus, in the Eighth Odyssey.

Each felt, with transport felt, his name
Snatch'd from Oblivion's power, and stamp'd with
deathless fame.

IV.

Speak, gentle Muse, thy conscious pride,
Record the trophies of thy sway,
When, with impetuous foaming tide,
The mighty 'Theban's deep-toned lay
Rush'd, as a torrent from the mountain's side!
The Olympic champion's far-famed deeds,
The hardy wrestler and victorious steeds
His verse adorn'd, with bright renown
Beyond the statue, or the laurel crown.
At solemn feasts he shared
The sacred portion for the gods prepared.
In after-ages loved, adored,
* His awful name
Alone could stay the hostile flame,
Quell the fierce victor's rage, avert his vengeful sword.

V.

What triumphs, Queen of Song, were thine,
When Rome, in boundless rule enthroned,
Proud Rome, thy gentle empire own'd;
Own'd the mild lustre of thy charms,
Resign'd, for peaceful arts, her arms,

* Alluding to the story of Alexander having, on the sack of Thebes, spared the house in which Pindar had lived.

And loved thy sons, adored thy shrine!
 The imperial master of mankind,
 To soft humanity refined,
 Heard the majestic Mantuan lay,
 Delighted heard the Ausonian lyre
 * Mild councils breathe, just deeds inspire,
 And felt the Muse's power that harmonized his sway!

VI.

Say, Britain, when in days of yore,
 Thy sons, 'gainst Rome's invading band,
 Stood dauntless on thy sea-girt shore,
 Stern guardians of their native land,
 And on the deep-wedged ranks of war,
 Impetuous whirl'd the scythed car,
 What power their generous valour fired?
 The bard, the patriot bard, inspired!
 From oak-crown'd glades,
 From mystic shades,
 Where late he chaunted meek Religion's strain,
 Avenger of his country's wrongs,
 With harp attuned to martial songs,
 He rush'd indignant to the embattled plain?
 Nor less his voice, 'midst factious rage,
 Could Discord, baleful fiend, assuage,

* Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato

Gaudetis almæ.

HOR. III. Od. iv. 41.

Horace is supposed to have written this, and other passages of his works, with a view of softening the character of Augustus.

The warrior's maddening steel arrest,
 And soothe to peace his savage breast.
 Taught by his lore in social bands to join,
 All loved the gentle bard, all bless'd the song divine,

VII.

But where, ah where! in later days,
 The bright reward, the generous praise,
 That once adorn'd the tuneful train?
 The reverence genius could command,
 When, cherish'd by a grateful land,
 It pour'd a free and virtuous strain?
 Far from the mansions of the great,
 Where Pride maintains her sullen state,
 Where, sunk in ease, unfeeling Luxury lies,
 Repelled, the Muse's offspring flies.
 What fiends attend his steps forlorn!
 Gaunt Poverty, with feeble cries,
 And wan Disease, and taunting Scorn:
 These, these, arrest each bolder flight!
 Or, should his fancy nobly dare,
 Base Avarice stints the hard-earn'd mite,
 Drive him once more to Want, and bids him clasp
 Despair.

VIII.

Behold, in Misery's drear abode,

* A care-worn wretch expire!

* Whether Otway was *literally* starved to death is not certainly known: but it seems quite certain that he died in consequence of his poverty. Of the fate of Chatterton there is no doubt.

'Tis he ! the bard, whose fancy glow'd
 With soft, yet vivid fire ;
 Who, in the tenderest notes of woe,
 Bade Belvidera's sorrows flow ;
 Whose powerful Muse, beyond controul,
 Could wring, could agonize the soul !
 And mark that youth with aspect wild,
 Chill Penury's devoted child,
 Who, feigning a rude antique strain,
 Woo'd Fortune's smiles, but woo'd in vain.
 Absorb'd in deep despair he lies !
 He pines, he sinks, he dies !
 Ill-fated youth ! with fostering ray
 Had kind Protection bless'd thy lay,
 And taught the path to well-earn'd fame,
 Britain, perchance, had gloried in thy name,
 Had hail'd thee prosperous and renown'd,
 By every Muse inspired, with every virtue crown'd.

IX.

Ah, then, celestial Muse, descend !
 The glories of thy reign renew :
 Bright Honour's source, fair Virtue's friend,
 Smile on the liberal chosen few ;
 Congenial hearts alike inspire
 Thy genuine sons to cherish and admire ;
 Exalt thy votary's purer mind
 Above the vulgar joys that charm mankind :

**Awake the sympathetic glow !
Bid the rich stream of Bounty flow !
Again bid drooping genius rise,
Assert its long-lost rights, and claim its native skies !**

LINES

WRITTEN AND RECITED

BY THE ELDER CAPTAIN MORRIS,

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING AT THE FREEMASONS'
TAVERN, MAY 12, 1796.

To soothe the needy Sage in Sorrow's bed,
 Or child, or widow, of the learned dead,
 Thence this humane Society began,
 Guardian of Genius, and the friend of man.
 No narrow views with charity we mix'd;
 Our love was general; and our law was fix'd—
 Fix'd to relieve whoever had a claim;
 Whate'er his politics, his right the same;
 Nor on his frailties sought we to descant,
 No; all mankind have merit when in want.
 Yet Prejudice has blamed this quiet Band,
 These mild associates that adorn the land.
 That liberal views are misconceived we grieve;
 'Tis human weakness lightly to believe.
 All party-spirit from our thoughts we cast;
 We claim but justice, and forget the past.
 Why may not love from ill-opinion grow?
 No friend can equal a converted foe.

The more mistaken mind our acts shall blame,
 The more this generous Troop shall rise to fame.
 As when thick mists the sun's effulgence hide,
 And roll and blacken o'er the mountain's side,
 The shepherd, conscious of the solar power,
 Eyes the red orb advancing to his bower,
 Convinced his splendours are prepared to rise,
 Burst through the gloom, and blaze along the skies:
 So the rapt bard beholds, with joy divine,
 This loved Society in glory shine?
 And, while Suspicion seeks to cloud her day,
 Perceives the mists of Error glide away;
 Sees Charity on learned labours smile,
 And Wisdom's rays illuminate our isle.
 In vain complaints are made of favour shown
 To those in learned circles scarcely known;
 'Twas soft Humanity deplored their fate,
 The graceful virtue of our infant state;
 In rigour feeble, in compassion strong:
 Through error wise, and charitably wrong.

If once I fear'd our dissolution near,
 And urged' your generous hearts to persevere,
 Those fears are calm'd; the fairest prospects rise,
 And tears of sympathy fill Pity's eyes:
 The sons of Opulence, who forward press,
 Roused by the cries of Genius in distress,
 Admire what men of little wealth have done,
 And joy to share those honours we have won.

Rejoice, then, Friends of Genius, Friends of Man,
At length we prosper, and complete our plan :
Our bark is launch'd : I see her safely ride ;
Propitious is the gale, and smooth the tide ;
The wave shall kiss her side, the zephyr play,
And shouts of triumph hail her on her way.

ODE

RECITED AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING IN
1796.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

HENCE, base inglorious Passions! hence
The thirst of gain, the lust of power!
To thee, divine Benevolence,
We consecrate the social hour!
And, while the circling glass imparts
New fire to melt obdurate hearts,
Bid Sympathy, by Taste refined,
Expand, and purify the mind;
Bid her attend the thrilling strains,
When Genius speaks its heart-felt pains,
And waft them to the sacred shrine,
By liberal pity rear'd, and cherish'd by the Nine!

I. 2.

Hark! 'tis the Muse's well-known voice;
Heard ye the glad triumphant song?
She bids her gentle choir rejoice,
And thus with rapture fires the throng:
" Rise, ye who claim my guardian care,
" Rise from the slumber of despair!

" To dry your tears, to chase your woes,
 " With new-born zeal Britannia glows ;
 " At length, her generous sons proclaim,
 " That ' Want no more attends on Fame ;'
 " At length a dawn of happier days
 " Beams on your rising hope, and animates your
 " lays !"

I. 3.

Behold ! at Fancy's call, a radiant train
 In lovely majesty appear ;
 And, while Compassion lends her ear,
 With tender grief and fond regret complain,
 How Genius, fated to abide
 The frowns of Fortune, scoffs of Pride,
 Long strove in vain Life's adverse storms to brave ;
 Long felt, unheeded and forlorn,
 Sharp Penury, relentless Scorn,
 And found its last best refuge in the grave :
 While thoughtless Wealth o'erlook'd its pains,
 Or ruthless Avarice watch'd to seize the slender gains.

II. 1.

What graceful Nymph, with look benign,
 First pleads for Worth by want oppress'd ?
 Sweet Poetry, with notes divine,
 Awakes the generous feeling breast :
 " The Bard," she cries, " whose Muse sublime
 " O'erleap'd the bounds of space and time,

“ Who, feeble, poor, bereft of sight,
 “ Cheer’d with my ray the gloom of night,
 “ What meed, alas ! did he obtain
 “ For raptured Fancy’s noblest strain ;
 “ The sacred song, the inspiring page,
 “ Which lives, his country’s boast, and braves the
 “ power of age ?”

II. 2.

Lo ! History, for her chosen race
 Advancing, claims fair Learning’s prize ;
 Who tell, with dignity and grace,
 How kings, how empires, fall and rise :
 “ My sons,” she cries, (“ from this bless’d hour,
 “ Nor Faction’s tools, nor slaves to Power ;)
 “ Want, dreaded Want, shall ne’er controul
 “ Your native energy of soul ;
 “ Henceforth your strains shall Justice guide,
 “ Inspired by independent Pride,
 “ And Truth, immortal Truth alone,
 “ Fix in your virtuous breasts her adamantine
 “ throne.”

II. 3.

Mark where, with graceful steps and modest
 air,
 Fair Science leads her sober train !
 Can heavenly Science plead in vain,
 In vain implore Britannia’s fostering care ?

Her votaries she impell'd to scan
 Sublime Creation's mighty plan,
 And grasp the wonders of the starry pole ;
 Their subtle reason's patient course
 Traced knowledge to its secret source,
 And mark'd the mystic mazes of the soul ;
 'Till fame of wisdom unconfined
 Had stamp'd Britannia's sons the pride of human kind.

III. 1.

But see, dispell'd by purer light,
 The Muse's fleeting vision ends !
 All fair, all glorious to the sight,
 Divine Benevolence descends !
 Around what angel-forms are seen
 Attendant on their gentle queen !
 Pity, whose lucid eyes o'erflow,
 Responsive to the tale of woe ;
 Warm Sympathy, which fires the breast
 For weakness wrong'd, or Worth oppress'd ;
 And Bounty, genial as the rains
 That cheer the drooping earth, and renovate the
 plains.

III. 2.

“ Away with every weaker claim !”
 (The sacred choir enraptured sings)
 “ Vain-glorious spirits bow to Fame ;
 “ True charity from Virtue springs.

“ Though Poetry bewail the wrongs
 “ Her sons endure in melting songs ;
 “ Though Science justly claim her meed ;
 “ With tenfold power shall Mercy plead :
 “ Celestial Mercy, from above
 “ Who sheds the dews of Peace and Love ;
 “ Who, ere the avenging bolt be hurl’d,
 “ Can stay the uplifted arm, and save a guilty world !

III. 3.

“ And, lo ! her smiles approve your bounteous
 “ plan,
 “ Ye faithful Band, whose hearts benign
 “ Pant to fulfil kind Heaven’s design
 “ Of general love, endearing man to man !
 “ What though applauding verse may raise
 “ Your names to high distinguish’d praise,
 “ Though Britain’s voice your just desert proclaim,
 “ Far nobler triumphs yet succeed
 “ To crown each gentle, generous deed,
 “ Far brighter honours consecrate your fame ;
 “ Nor pass with fleeting time away,
 “ But waft the virtuous soul to realms of endless day !

SONG

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER, 1796.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

SUNG BY MR. SEDGWICK.

AIR.—“ *The Sons of Anacron.*”

To Apollo, their king, at famed Helicon's court,
 The lean ragged Muses preferr'd a petition,
 That his Godship would please, when to earth they
 resort,

To provide for his sisters, and mend their condition.

“ What avails all our merit,

“ Taste, knowledge, or spirit,

“ If a poor barren laurel is all we inherit?

“ If Fortune with Dulness and Envy combine

“ 'Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of
 “ the Nine!

II.

“ Old Homer, you know, in our happier days,

“ At the banquets of Greeks was regaled with good
 “ cheer;

“ With solid roast-beef they requited his lays,

“ Full goblets of Chian he quaff'd as his beer.

" When, at Rome, jolly Flaccus
 " Sung of Cupid or Bacchus,
 " Our glory repell'd all who dared to attack us,
 " And Dulness with Envy in vain might combine
 " 'Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of
 " the Nine.

III.

" Now, alas ! in a region long bless'd by our smiles,
 " In Britain, how great are our hardships and wrongs !
 " Whilst our learning instructs, and our fancy be-
 " guiles,
 " Sages starve on their projects, and bards on their
 " songs,
 " Or base mischievous satire
 " Supplies them with matter ;
 " For bread they abuse, and for bread they must
 " flatter.
 " Thus Pride and Ill-nature with Envy combine
 " 'Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of
 " the Nine."

IV.

" Hence, ye troublesome beldames !" Appollo replies,
 " With your whining and grumbling disturb us no
 more ;
 " If Pride overlook you, and Fashion despise,
 " Quit the world till the triumph of Nonsense be o'er,
 " Yet a way I'll impart
 " How to thrive in your art ;
 " Go to Bacchus—he'll open each true British heart :

“ That Fortune with Envy no more may combine
 “ ’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of
 “ the Nine.”

V.

Then to Bacchus, of Poets the patron and guard,
 Went the sorrowing Maids, and implored his com-
 passion.

“ Assist us,” they cried, “ to defend the poor Bard,
 “ From the scorns of proud Wealth, and caprices of
 “ Fashion !”

“ My Girls,” he replied,

“ In my friendship confide ;

“ To excite generous deeds is my pleasure and pride,
 “ No longer shall Fortune with Envy combine
 “ ’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of
 “ the Nine.”

VI.

Then thus he inspired a kind liberal Band
 (While free as their mirth their humanity flows :)
 “ Unite, my brave fellows, unite heart and hand,
 “ To raise drooping Genius, and lighten its woes !

“ From this happy day, .

“ Every Muse shall display

“ Your fame in bright colours that never decay ;
 “ Nor Fortune with Dullness and Envy combine
 “ ’Gainst the Sons of true Genius, and Friends of
 “ the Nine.”

LINES

WRITTEN AND RECITED

BY THE ELDER CAPTAIN MORRIS,

AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND, IN
FREEMASONS' HALL, APRIL 27, 1797.

STRANGE! that in Britain's isle, for bounty famed
 Among the wealthiest lands with envy named,
 Where thousands thrive who never learnt to read,
 The Man of Science should be doom'd to need.
 Will no kind Patron give the Scholar bread?
 Must Learning starve, while Ignorance is fed?

The poor, unletter'd groom, of clownish mien,
 Who loves his horse, and keeps his stable clean,
 With age enfeebled, sees his fortunes mend,
 And his rich master prove a grateful friend.
 The steed, too, jaded with the frequent chase,
 Meets not, when old, ill usage and disgrace;
 Pleased in the pastures of his lord to feed,
 He roves luxurious through the painted mead,
 Till every want, and every sense be o'er,
 And, full of years, he sleeps to wake no more,

But who to thee a pitying hand will lend,
 Thou, Man of Learning, when thou seek'st a friend;
 When hunger presses and the bailiffs seize,
 When bent with age, and wasting with disease?

Who, but this generous Band shall haste to save,
 And raise thee up, when sinking to the grave ;
 Shall wipe thy tears, shall spare thy honest shame,
 Relieve thy poverty, and hide thy name ?
 Say, you who recollect its infant state,
 Does not its present growth your hearts dilate ?

How oft from small beginning objects rise,
 That fill the soul with rapture and surprise !
 Venetian palaces their pride display,
 Where first some fisher built his house of clay :
 So, in the moral world, from humble things,
 From simplest rudiments true grandeur springs.
 Thus this humane Society arose,
 Like Jove's own tree, that from a sapling grows :
 A sprig is planted by a *private hand* ;
 The trunk soon rises, and the boughs expand ;
 Fair to the sight, then fragrant blossoms shoot ;
 And now the spreading branches bend with fruit.

Come, helpless Mortal, from thy secret cell,
 Where Genius with Affliction learns to dwell ;
 For thee the boughs their fruits delicious bear ;
 These fruits medicinal can banish care :
 Call thy poor brotherhood to share the treat ;
 This is the tree of comfort ; pull, and eat :
 On mossy verdure let thy limbs be laid,
 And sink to sweet repose beneath its shade :
 The food oblivious shall thy peace restore,
 And never dread of want torment thee more.

**You, Friends to long-neglected Genius dear,
You, whom Benevolence assembles here,
You, who in Learning's cause have bravely stood,
Whose greatest happiness is doing good,
Bless, and be bless'd ; extend your noble plan,
And let not Science prove a curse to Man !**

AN ADDRESS

TO THE COMPANY ASSEMBLED AT FREEMASONS' HALL,
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND,
APRIL 27, 1797.—WRITTEN AND RECITED

BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

OUR social board the Stoic might attend,
Pleasure the means—Benevolence the end—
While thousands crowd to hear the warbling strain
Few seek the mansions of Distress and Pain ;
They thirst for pleasure, little understood,
Nor know the luxury of doing good.
And yet the liberal stream of Bounty flows,
To mitigate the helpless beggar's woes ;
A thousand charities their aid extend,
To prove that England is Misfortune's friend.
But, oh ! how hard the task to yield relief,
Where Genius feels a dignity in grief !
Where the proud spirit of a generous breast
From ostentatious bounty shrinks—oppress'd !
The letter'd victim, pining with the smart
Of worth neglected—cankering at his heart,
Rejects the gold that Vanity supplies,
But while he scorns the insult—starving dies.

Be it yours a bless'd asylum to create,
To meliorate the friendless Author's fate ;

To yield relief—yet spare the honest pride,
 That still attendant walks by Merit's side ;
 * “ That generous pride that scorns all servile art,
 “ And warms, in poverty, the noble heart,
 “ Feels its own value, yet would blush with shame
 “ To rob another of his well-earn'd fame.”

Be it yours to raise some Otway's drooping head,
 Who pines in want, yet cannot beg for bread—
 Lamented Otway ! whose energetic lyre
 Yields but to Shakspeare's never-equal'd fire !
 Condemn'd to penury, disease, and pain,
 He dragg'd, with weary steps, life's heavy chain :
 Gifted by Heaven, he sunk in sad neglect,
 No friendly hand to succour and protect,
 But doom'd, with aggravated grief, to find
 The great regardless, and the rich unkind !
 At length the niggard poor relief supplied,
 The famish'd Bard but tasted, groan'd, and died.
 Eternal blot on Charles's vicious reign !
 When Genius languish'd in distress and pain ;
 While pamper'd sycophants—a servile band !
 Enjoy'd the favours of his lavish hand.
 Such foul reproach this age can never fear,
 Neglected merit finds its patrons **HERE**—
 Patrons from feeling—not from vain display,
 Where the coarse manner takes the worth away ;
 But those who feel for Genius in distress,
 Ambitious only—of the power to bless !

* The four lines marked with inverted commas are taken from one of the Author's prologues.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE LITERARY FUND, AT
THEIR ANNUAL MEETING AT GREENWICH, JULY 5,
1797.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

MARK, where the silver Thames, in beauty's pride,
Rolls through these plains his calm majestic tide !
While Commerce, wafted on his bosom, pours
Her golden stream to loved Britannia's shores :
Fraught with the wealth remotest climes impart,
From bounteous Nature, or all-conquering Art,
To this famed isle she speeds, with sails unfurl'd,
And fixes here the centre of her world.

But say, proud Commerce, whence thy votaries
gain

The skill that guides them o'er the trackless main ?
Whence their enlighten'd minds, without dismay,
Foreknow each toil, and scan their destined way ?
'Twas Science, heavenly Science ! spread thy sails,
Taught thy bold prows to brave the inconstant gales,
Mark'd unknown regions, savage tribes refined,
And bade thy sons enrich and bless mankind.
Yet, ah ! whilst either India's treasured spoils,
Bright honours, glad repose, await thy toils ;

Robb'd of the mite that Nature's wants require,
 The Sons of Science languish and expire,
 Crown'd, for their labours in the race of Fame,
 With barren laurels, and an empty name.

Nor less the Statesman with averted eyes
 Can scornful pass when modest learning sighs.
 The Sage (whose Heaven-taught wisdom learn'd to
 trace

Each source of blessings to the human race),
 While nations thrive, by his instructions led
 To power and plenty, asks in vain for bread,
 Condemn'd, with wretched sycophants, to wait
 (Far, far, less welcome,) at the proud man's gate,
 All state intrigues, each meaner trifle o'er,
 At length he's heard, but ne'er remember'd more.

To claims like these, if Wealth her aid refuse,
 What hope, alas ! can cheer the friendless Muse ?
 Scorn's favourite theme, insulted while oppress'd,
 Her fate a proverb, and her sighs a jest.
 Hooted as mad by all the vulgar crew,
 Oft, through Despair, she proves the scoff too true ;
 Or Sorrow leads her to some lonely cell,
 Where pining Want and hopeless Anguish dwell ;
 There flow her tears unpitied, and unknown,
 While scarce an echo murmurs to her moan.
 More wretched still, perchance her offspring go
 To the dire dungeon, scene of guilt and woe,
 Waste the sad hours immured from chearful light,
 Or (dreadful thought !) self-murder'd, sink in night.

But, lo! a brighter scene the prospect cheers,
To chase her griefs a friendly Band appears.
Behold, from heart to heart the flame expand,
Till the pure lustre gilds their native land;
Till hapless Genius, by their fostering care,
Springs from the lethargy of dull Despair:
While Hope revives, while Gratitude inspires,
The enraptured soul with Virtue's kindred fires.
Hail, then, each blissful day with fond delight,
When generous zeal, and festive mirth unite!
And rear, oh rear, an edifice sublime,
Which, fix'd as Fate, may brave the power of Time!

ODE FOR MUSIC,

WRITTEN IN 1797,

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

DESIGNED FOR A CONCERT TO BE PERFORMED FOR
THE BENEFIT OF THE LITERARY FUND.—NEVER
BEFORE PUBLISHED.

I.

WAKE, oh wake the noblest strain,
Music's dulcet strings impart !
Bid th' accordant vocal train
Fire the fancy, win the heart !
'Tis gentle Pity tunes the lyre :
She thrills the soul with pure delight.
What rapturés every tongue inspire,
That speaks Misfortune's sacred right !
Ennobled by the bless'd design,
The voice breathes energy divine,
When, soaring to the realms above,
Swell the seraphic notes of Sympathy and Love.

II.

Not that her chiefs oft stemm'd the battle's tide,
Victorious, in th' ensanguined plain ;

Not that her fleets, in conquest's pride,
Wave their triumphant banners on the main,
Britannia claims true glory's meed;
Nor yet that every art refined,
Which graces or exalts mankind,
That Taste and Science her their sovereign own :
No ;—'tis the gentle generous deed
Shall waft her praise to Mercy's throne.

III.

Hence, ye dire scenes of savage strife !
Of Desolation's ruthless sway !
Your more endearing forms display,
Ye social charities of life !
And, lo ! a smiling train appears,
(How late abandon'd and forlorn !)
With eyes suffused by grateful tears,
Redeem'd from anguish, guilt, and scorn.
“ Hail, generous Britain ! prompt to assuage
“ The * pangs of sickness, griefs of age,
“ † Adopt the orphan, friendless, and unknown,
“ ‡ Bid long lost Reason re-assume her throne ;
“ Or § snatch from want a youthful band,
“ Ordain'd to guard their native land,

* Alluding to the numerous hospitals for the sick.

† Foundling Hospital, &c.

‡ Hospitals for Insane Persons.

§ Marine Society.

"To weild its thunders, to subdue its foes,
 "These, these," they cry, "confess the bounteous
 "land,
 "That heal'd Affliction's wounds, that chased her
 "woes!"

IV.

But, hark! what plaintive cries,
 What notes of sorrow rise,
 And float, unheeded, as the passing gale!
 Those sighs, oh Britain, hear;
 Oh, wipe that falling tear!
 'Tis hapless Genius tells its mournful tale.
 Oft thy youth, to virtue warm'd,
 Felt th' inspiring Poet's lay;
 Oft, by sacred Science charm'd,
 Soar'd, as sages point the way.
 Yet mark th' aspiring Bard, th' instructive Sage,
 Whose well-earn'd fame a thousand tongues
 declare,
 O'erwhelm'd by want, despised in helpless age,
 They pine with grief, or perish by despair.
 High on excursive wings they rose,
 While human cares, or human woes,
 Ne'er reach'd th' enraptured heart:
 Now deeper anguish wounds the mind,
 By culture soften'd and refined,
 And sad Reflection sharpens Sorrow's dart.

V.

But, lo, Britannia smiles!—her sons attending,
 Haste to still each sufferer's moan !
 Lo ! with heavenly grace descending,
 Mercy quits her sapphire throne !
 Oh, sweetest seraph of the realms above,
 Here, dwell propitious ! nor refuse
 This offering of the votive Muse ;
 Who hails thee, harbinger of peace and love.
 Fix in our breasts thy gentle reign ;
 With heart-felt joy reward this bounteous train :
 Let the soft song, the lyre combine,
 And every tuneful note,
 With thrilling sweetness float,
 Till bliss exalts the mortal to divine.

FULL CHORUS.

Wake, then, once more th' inspiring sound !
 Let every voice in praise unite !
 While Friends to Genius throng around,
 And " Pity dignifies delight."

AN ADDRESS

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE LITERARY FUND, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY DINNER, AT FREEMASONS' HALL, MAY 3, 1798.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHILE "Preparation's note," with distant roar,
 Resounds from furious Gallia's hostile shore ;
 While Britain, conscious of her native might,
 Serene, undaunted, waits th' impending fight ;
 Say, shall her generous sons one hour beguile,
 And greet the social board with heartfelt smile ?
 Yes : 'midst the din of war, 'midst fierce alarms,
 Taste soothes the mind, and liberal Pity charms.
 From public cares, from suffering Europe's woes,
 Here temperate Mirth may yield a short repose ;
 Not the rude mirth which factious zeal imparts,
 The thin disguise that veils repining hearts ;
 But that pure joy, by Sympathy refined,
 When Bounty seeks to exalt and bless mankind,
 Bids Genius, drooping like the languid flower,
 Display its brightness, and exert its power,
 And prompts to virtuous zeal, to patriot fire,
 The Sage's pen, the gentler Poet's lyre.

With smiles Britannia, from her sea-girt throne,
 Beholds each bright distinguish'd art her own.

Her science spreads where'er her thunders roll,
 From Indian Ganges to the frozen Pole;
 Pleased, where her genial Commerce wins its way,
 On rudest tribes to shed mild Culture's ray.
 Alas! could Learning's sons assert their claim
 To liberal Ease, the crown of well-earn'd Fame,
 And, freed from Want, nor slaves to guilty Power,
 Woo the coy Muses in their tranquil bower;
 How few, by Envy stung, or lured by Gain,
 Had waked dishonest Slander's rancorous strain!
 How few with servile Flattery stain'd their page,
 And wrong'd the Muse's name through every age!

Oh! then, while social Pleasure crowns the day
 With temperate Mirth, benevolently gay,
 Yield not to Learning's friends a vain applause,
 But aid, with stedfast zeal her glorious cause.
 So Genius, cheer'd by Bounty, oft shall raise
 Its grateful voice, and merit Virtue's praise;
 So Wisdom crush the Sophist's vain pretence
 By powerful reason and ingenuous sense;
 So Candour spread where'er true Science reigns;
 While every lyre resounds with patriot strains,
 And every heart, at Britain's call, unites
 To guard her fame, and vindicate her rights.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE LITERARY FUND, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY, MAY 3, 1798.—WRITTEN AND RECITED

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

THIS generous Band, once more assembled here,
 Checks in the Muse's eye the starting tear;
 While pensive Memory dwells with many a sigh
 On Learning's votaries doom'd in want to die.
 To trace the mournful catalogue would show
 The Sons of Genius are the heirs of Woe!
 And that superior talents often doom
 Their proud possessor to an early tomb;
 Or else condemn their victim to sustain
 A youth of Envy, and an age of Pain!
 Remember CHATTERTON—ordain'd to feel
 Neglect, more racking than the torturing wheel:
 For him the stream of Patronage is dry;
 The tear of Anguish dims the Poet's eye;
 Cold Penury his lonely steps attend;
 And the wide world affords him not a friend!
 Grief in his heart—distraction in his brain—
 He drinks oblivion to the sense of pain,

And madly ventures o'er that fatal bourn
 From whence to chearful day there's no return !
 Had England no Mæcenas who would save
 So bright a Genius from a timeless grave,
 Snatch from his hand the chalice of Despair,
 And place the cup of Peace and Comfort there ?
 Oh ! had this liberal Band existed then,
 His bosom, reconciled to life again,
 Had felt the energy that Hope inspires ;
 Hope that still fans and feeds the Muse's fires !
 Her timely aid Benevolence had given ;
 Nor had his impious deed offended Heaven.
 Yet surely, boundless Mercy, throned sublime,
 Permits his sufferings to atone his crime !
 While meek-eyed Pity, pointing to his bust,
 Melts into tears, and consecrates his dust.
 Peace to his ashes—may recording Fame
 Preserve his memory, and forget his shame !

Each liberal mind your purpose will applaud,
 When doing good's your object and reward ;
 No ostentation mars your generous deed,
 Making the bosom that it succour'd bleed ;
 No Party reigns, no Politics inflame,
 Benevolence alone your end and aim.
 To foster Science in her humble shade,
 And spare her feelings while you bring her aid,
 Must make your plan, the more 'tis understood,
 Attract the wealthy, and delight the good.

Though small at first your means to yield relief,
And check the progress of the Muse's grief,
Those means each year increased success attends,
And Science triumphs to behold her friends.

Thus the small acorn from a tender root
Puts forth a weak and unregarded shoot ;
But, Nature's faithful process once begun,
It gains new strength with each revolving sun,
Till its firm stem the raging storm defies,
And its bold branches wave amidst the skies !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE LITERARY FUND, A SOCIETY
INSTITUTED TO ASSIST AUTHORS IN DISTRESS, ON
THEIR ANNUAL MEETING IN 1798.

BY MR. DYER.

WELCOME, ye generous circle, who, removed
From Party's froward bickerings, and the rage
Of the blood-monster War, the rash dislikes
Of Superstition, and the proud disdains
Of high-plumed Vanity, here social sit,
A little Goshen; round whose sacred seat
Benevolence spreads her wings, and Pity meek
Sheds, as from heaven, its gentlest dew-drops down.

Yes, we must welcome you;—for, if on earth
There smiles one chosen spot, that ruffian winds
Dare not invade; that Passion's mildew-swarms
Might harmless pass, though wasting wide around
Man's gayest, sweetest hopes,—it must be that
Where Kindness blossoms beauteous: tree more fair
Blooms not in mortal soil, nor ever bloom'd
In Fiction's painted garden; yet this tree,
Though fair of blossom, as the sacred flower,
Immortal Amaranth, of fragrance sweet
As breathes the bless'd Arabia, and of fruit

Rich as that guarded tree, whose golden apple
Jove's nuptial day could cheer, would tremulous
shrink

From vulgar rudeness, as of tenderest frame.
Withering it soon might die, if scowling winds
Blew on it piercingly.—Oh! then, we hail,
As friends, we hail you : warm of heart, we pray,
That no wide-wasting storm, no chilling frost,
May the young blossom of your hopes destroy,
Nor Folly stop the branches' ample pride.

Oft have ye read the case of keen distress,
And as ye read, ye sigh'd ; oft heard the tale
Of suffering Genius, by hard Fortune gall'd,
Death-stung by Malice, or, in perilous times,
Heart-harrass'd by some Tyrant's iron hand.
Nor did ye not attend, as oft ye heard
How Genius soars on light imprudent wings,
How Fancy's children, a gay sportive tribe,
Chearful as morning lark, have mounted high,
Wild 'mid their warblings, gazing round and round
With rapture-beaming eyes ! But, oh ! they dropp'd
From their high carolings to silence down,
And, 'mid their bright creations, the new worlds,
Their quick eyes pierced, like him, whom Fable gifts
With faithless wings, struggling in vain, they fell
To the dank earth, to pine 'mid want and woe.

Ye heard, ye wept ; ye wept no fruitless tear :
Rich as the stream o'er thirsty Egypt pours,
It flow'd to bless ; and soon, well-pleased, ye saw

Your plant take root, and promise fair; ye saw
 Blossoms and fruits: then with a parent's fondness
 Ye pour'd forth blessings, and it shall be bless'd.
 And ye have nobly done! Henceforth remains
 The work, to give due stateliness and strength
 To what ye first gave being; pleasing task!
 Oh! may the wise contriving Mind, that knows
 To plan for human welfare, here direct
 Its energies! Here may successive rise
 Gentle of heart and generous, as of thought
 Profound and piercing, such as dare not sink
 Self-centering, but who dart from inward light
 Irradiance wide and strong, to cheer the world.

Here Wealth may triumph high, here taste the bliss
 Of blessing others; nor may Wisdom less:
 Who give with liberal hand, afford the means
 Of vigorous action; and with judgment weighing,
 Discriminating well, and reasoning right,
 Point through those means the pathway to an end.
 Perchance, from small beginnings may proceed
 Blessings immense; perchance—the means outstrip
 Your highest hopes; perchance—but who may tell
 What Bounty may supply, or Wisdom plan?

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES;

INTENDED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF 1798 ;—PER-
FORMED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF 1799.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC

BY MR. BUSBY.

THE God who darts his wit-inspiring ray,
And kindles genius as he kindles day,
Soft Pity glowing in his breast divine,
In heavenly accents thus address'd the Nine ;
“ Join all your harps, celestial Queens of Song ;
“ To me, to you, the fates of Bards belong.
“ Too long, alas ! neglected and distress'd,
“ Has Learning droop'd, and Genius been de-
press'd.
“ These ills avert—with sweetly-thrilling strains
“ Gently awake Compassion's melting pains :
“ In Phœbus' cause teach mortals to conspire,
“ And patronise the merit they admire.
“ Join, join your harps, celestial Queens of Song ;
“ To me, to you, the fates of Bards belong.”
His lyre he strikes ! the Muses all reply,
And Heaven itself's dissolved in extasy !

Some favour'd mortals caught the falling sound,
And eager spread the sacred influence round.
From breast to breast a new-felt ardour flew,
And liberal hearts sublimer pity knew ;
Quick with a noble patron's love were fired,
And join'd to *bless* the merit they admired.

LINES

SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY
FUND, AT FREEMASONS' TAVERN, MAY 2, 1799.

WRITTEN BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

THE war-worn Soldier, when his limbs no more
Can bear the glorious toils that once they bore,
Whether unnerved by the cold hand of Time,
By painful marching, or unhealthy clime,
If icy Poverty has ruthless shed
Her torpid influence o'er his languid head,
Finds from his country's care a tranquil seat,
From Penury and Pain a bless'd retreat;
And Albion boasts with pride, she ne'er neglects
The gallant warrior, who her shores protects.
Glorious and generous care!—the applauding Muse
The Hero with her noblest strains pursues.

Yet shall not they, who, friends to human kind,
Spread Truth's immortal Ægis o'er the mind,
To Error's force their dauntless breasts oppose,
And scatter wide their country's deadliest foes,
Prevent the dark assassin's treacherous wound,
Or dash the poisoner's chalice to the ground;
Say, shall not these from grateful wealth and power,
Enjoy of patronage the genial shower?
Yes!—BRITAIN'S Sons, to injured merit kind,
Will aid the sacred bands who guard mankind.

Not theirs the meed, by worldly arts to raise
 The splendid fortunes that the venal praise.
 To fight in Virtue's cause their proudest aim,
 The sole reward they seek, a virtuous fame ;
 Or round their brows the tuneful Muse displays
 Her green, but fruitless, wreaths of barren bays ;
 Or from M^athesis' lines their minds produce,
 Frames of mechanic skill and general use ;
 Or, while their cares earth's secret stores unfold,
 They search the mine without a wish for gold.
 Though poor themselves, they sow with liberal hand
 The seeds of Plenty through a smiling land ;
 Their substance wasted, and destroy'd their health,
 To curb Disease, and point the means of Wealth ;
 Or, with a purer zeal on mortal sight
 Pour the strong radiance of religious light ;
 And trace the path by saints and martyrs trod,
 Through Nature's wonders, up to nature's God.

To snatch such breasts from penury and shame,
 Is solid virtue and unblemish'd fame ;
 Such fame, such virtue, yours—such as shall stand,
 Not in a single age, or single land ;
 But Glory's voice, in every varied clime,
 Through every volume of recording time ;
 Wherever Truth shall soar with eagle wing,
 Wherever Science teach, or Poet sing,
 Shall bid to you the eternal Pæan rise,
 Who shield from want and woe the Good and Wise.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE COMPANY ASSEMBLED AT FREEMASONS'
HALL, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY
FUND, MAY 2, 1799.

WRITTEN AND RECITED

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZ GERALD, ESQ.

Is there a sight the heart can hold more dear
Than what Humanity contemplates here ?
Pure's the delight that animates the breast,
To see you throng to succour the distress'd.
Manes of Butler, Otway, Dryden, rise !
Behold an object grateful to your eyes :
England, at last atoning for her crime—
England, that starved the witty and sublime !
With contrite feeling opes her ample store,
And bids the Sons of Genius starve no more.
'Tis said that some to Poesy are foes,
And think that Literature engenders woes :
Such would bring back a barbarous age again ;
For none but Vandals persecute the pen !
Though some profane the Muse's gift divine,
And bow at Avarice' or Ambition's shrine ;
Though some illiberal Satire's pen employ,
And mingle hemlock in the cup of joy ;

Pierce the recesses of domestic life,
 Expose the husband, or defame the wife :
 The tale of scandal bring to public eye,
 And in smooth numbers circulate the lie—
 The Muse's happier office is, to prove
 The bond of friendship, and the lamp of love ;
 To harmonize the passions of the mind,
 To please, instruct, and meliorate mankind.
 By her the selfish feelings are suppress'd,
 And social virtues kindle in the breast ;
 She points to Nature's wise and generous plan,
 And shews how strongly man depends on man ;
 This sacred truth the thatch-roof'd peasant owns,
 And ermined monarchs feel it on their thrones !
 A loyal zeal for Freedom she inspires,
 And fans with breath divine the Patriot's fires—
 Is there a man so base, so lost to shame,
 Who does not venerate the Patriot's name !
 Not the proud leader of a selfish crew,
 Who 'd grind the many to enrich the few ;
 But he, who active in his country's cause,
 Asserts her liberties, maintains her laws ;
 Whose upright mind pursues no private end,
 At once the monarch's and the people's friend !
 Who stems oppression, which much oft'ner springs
 From tyrant factions than from tyrant kings ;
 Arms for his sovereign, to his standard flies ;
 For freedom conquers, or for freedom dies :

Not for that Fiend, detested by the good,
 That bathed unhappy France with kindred blood ;
 That brutalized a nation once humane,
 Whose sire is Discord, and whose offspring Pain !
 That drinks the tears despairing orphans shed,
 Tortures the living, and insults the dead !
 That leads from crime to crime, from bad to worse,
 The prince's tyrant, and the people's curse !
 Which, like a torrent bursting every mound,
 Destroys the harvest, desolates the ground ;
 Saps the foundation of the loftiest tower,
 And whelms the work of ages in an hour !
 This Gallic Dæmon, hated by the wise,
 Shuns the keen searching of the Patriot's eyes :
 'Tis not for her his country's foe he braves,
 In burning climes, or on the stormy waves ;
 But for that Freedom, native of our soil,
 That dignifies command, and sweetens toil !
 Whose graceful form, unbent by time, appears,
 Blooming as youth though sanctified by years !
 For British Liberty—that draws the line,
 'Twixt wild Democracy, and Right Divine ;
 With equal zeal the monarch's power maintains,
 And guards the subject from despotic chains :
 The Slave who once imbibes the English air,
 Freed from his fetters, owns the Goddess there !
 Where Heaven these words, in voice of thunder spoke,
 The Tree of Freedom is the British Oak !

Excuse the warmth with which my Muse express'd
 The subject nearest, dearest to my breast;
 But, when the foes of earth and heaven conspire
 To desolate the world with sword, and fire,
 Each honest man's a patriot at the heart,
 And burns to take his king's and country's part.

When Time has swept the present race away,
 And friends to Science celebrate this day;
 Remembrance shall, with more than pleasure, name
 And give your liberal patronage to Fame—
 To rival Genius—mutual Envy past—
 Succeeding ages shall be just at last;
 And He,* who first this noble fabric raised,
 Shall, with no common gratitude, be praised:
 Time, that destroys the hero's trophied bust,
 Shall spare the bay that blossoms o'er his dust.

* David Williams.

ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF SUBSCRIBERS
TO THE LITERARY FUND, MAY 2, 1799.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

I.

WHAT accents from yon lonely height,
Late mingled with the waters' roar?
'Twas the sad Muse—from mortal sight
Retired, she sought the sea-beat shore.
Her downcast eye, her faltering tongue,
Her lute neglected, and her lyre unstrung,
Mark'd the deep anguish of her mind,
While thus, with sighs, she mourn'd the miseries of
mankind.

I. 2.

“ Ah! whither are Life's sweetest charms,
“ Taste, Truth, and Genius, whither fled?
“ Where, 'midst the horrid din of arms,
“ Shall Science rear her drooping head?
“ Lo, Anarchy pours forth her bands
“ O'er trembling Europe's desolated lands!
“ Insatiate Slaughter sweeps the plains,
“ While Rapine shouts applause, and dire Oppression
“ reigns!

I. 3.

- " Shall my degenerate sons their triumph hail ?
 " Soothe the barbarian spoiler's pride ?
 " Or, borne on Fortune's swelling tide,
 " With votive incense woo her favouring gale ?
 " No :—rather let the Aonian choir
 " To drear Oblivion's shade retire,
 " There tune, unheard, the pensive lay,
 " Than, lost to honour, dead to shame,
 Exalt each base usurper's name,
 " Or bow to prosperous Vice, and own her lawless
 " sway."

II. 1.

- She ceased ; when, through the gloom of night,
 A voice the sorrowing Goddess chear'd,
 And circled with a blaze of light,
 BRITANNIA'S awful form appear'd !
 " Arise !" she cried : " thy gentle train,
 " By truth inspired, shall breathe a nobler strain :
 " Her voice shall bid their patriot lays
 " Record their country's fame, and consecrate her
 " praise,

II. 2.

- " Mark, wheresoe'er my banner waves,
 " Where'er my thunders rend the sky,
 " What nations bless the power that saves,
 " That saves benign in victory !

- “ Ye seas that lave the Gallic coast !
 “ Ye shores that saw Batavia’s vanquish’d host !
 “ Ye ports that hide the shame of Spain,
 “ Own, though reluctant own, my triumph on
 “ the main !

II. 3.

- “ But, oh ! what glories graced my favour’d isle,
 “ When Fame to her exulting shore,
 “ High poised on eagle pinions, bore
 “ The deeds that struck with dread th’ astonish’d
 “ Nile ?
 “ When, fired by hope, my gallant band,
 “ ’Midst Egypt’s rock and faithless strand,
 “ Each danger hail’d with proud acclaim ;
 “ When, fix’d to conquer or expire,
 “ Through hostile fleets, through raging fire,
 “ My generous hero press’d, and raised a deathless
 “ name.

III. 1.

- “ Yet, Muse, awhile forego the sight
 “ Of ruthles war, ensanguined strife ;
 “ Behold, with calm and pure delight,
 “ The social charities of life :
 “ See my loved sons transported join
 “ In deeds that lift the mortal to divine ;
 “ See heavenly Sympathy appear,
 “ Redress the orphan’s wrong, and dry the widow’s tear !

III. 2.

“ What bitter anguish, heartfelt pains,
 “ Oft pierce his bright distinguish’d mind,
 “ Whose genius waked thy heaven-born strains,
 “ Whose liberal taste inform’d mankind !
 “ That mind, which Hope, with transient smile,
 “ Lured to betray, and flatter’d to beguile,
 “ Oppress’d by want, o’erwhelm’d by care,
 “ Finds Death its surest friend, its only guest
 “ Despair.

III. 3.

“ * Oh, then, while generous transports thrill the
 “ soul,
 “ Let sweet Benevolence inspire
 “ The festive song, attune the lyre,
 “ And brightly sparkle in the flowing bowl !
 “ Let Harmony with Mirth unite,
 “ While Learning’s votaries seek delight
 “ In pleasures temperately gay !
 “ All hearts in Pity’s sacred cause, .
 “ Shall greet their lays with fond applause,
 “ And each revolving year renew this festal day.”

* This stanza was set to music as a Glee, by Mr. Samuel Westley ;
 and sung after the recitation.

LINES

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND,
APRIL 24, 1800.

BY HENRY JAMLS PYE, ESQ.

WHEN angry Themis quitted earth's domain,
And Vice usurp'd her abdicated reign;
To check the progress of her wayward views,
Kind Heaven, in mercy, sent the succouring Muse;
By Wisdom nerved, in conscious Virtue brave,
Her sons the awful wand of Justice wave;
O'er trembling Guilt the sword of Vengeance weild,
Or spread o'er prostrate Worth Protection's shield;
While with the precious gems of pure renown
They consecrate the sceptred patriot's crown:
Such as for Gallic Henry's brows they twine,
Such, British George! as now encircle thine.

But soon pale Poverty, with palsied hand,
And cold Neglect, depress the godlike band;
Corruption warps the poet's generous view,
And Avarice grasps the sword that Virtue drew.
To powerful Guilt the venal Muses raise
The shameful incense of perverted praise:
Rear, with malicious aim, fell Scandal's dart,
And soothe the bad, and rive the virtuous heart;

Shake o'er mankind Sedition's iron rod ;
And threat, with impious boast, the throne of God.

But, lo! a generous Race, whom Virtue draws,
To vindicate the injured Muse's cause :
Rescue from want and woe the wandering train,
And lead them back to glory's paths again.
In the warm breast re-kindling ardour springs,
The manly arm returning vigour strings,
Indignant bursting Shame's opprobrious band,
A gossamer torn by a giant's hand.

Foster'd by you, the hallow'd Muse shall give,
The hero's fame in deathless verse to live.—
Lo, the vast fabrics by mistaken pride
Rear'd on the brink of Nile's redundant tide!
Whose name, whose actions, have they wafted down?
What patriot's virtue, or what chief's renown?—
While deeds, recorded in the Muse's lay,
Shall last when rocks, when mountains melt away.
The eternal laurels from the Egyptian shore,
Which British arms and British valour bore,
Shall live, shall flourish, when the pilgrim train
Seek for the mouldering pyramids in vain,

ADDRESS

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS TO THE LITERARY FUND, AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING,
APRIL 24, 1800.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHEN, nor allied to Taste, nor kind to Worth
Sound the mad orgies of unmeaning Mirth;
When Music gives to Vice her flattering strains,
And fierce Intemperance revels in the veins,
The joy that owns not Reason's just controul
Smiles on the face, but ne'er can touch the soul.
Not thus when honest zeal our mirth inspires,
When Pleasure shines, illumed by Virtue's fires,
When generous feelings, generous deeds, impart
That sacred joy which triumphs in the heart.
'Tis then, exulting in the glorious cause,
The humble Muse, that seldom courts applause,
May own th' inspiring theme, may wake her lays
In Learning's aid, in heavenly Mercy's praise.

How just the pride, on this auspicious day,
When meek Benevolence extends her sway,
That paints her triumphs o'er a host of foes,
And counts the toils from whence her glory rose!

How pure the joy that speaks her perils o'er,
And hails her landed on the destined shore !

Faint rose the dawn, by doubts and fears o'er-
cast,

The glimmering dawn that cheer'd her labours past;
While, to the eye of Hope, its feeble ray
Scarce gave the promise of a brighter day.
Could greatness, stooping from its lofty throne,
Attend to sufferings which it ne'er had known ?
Or Wealth, allured to tempting Luxury's arms,
Hear Pity's gentle voice, or feel her charms ?
Elate with Fortune's gifts, or vainly wise,
Ev'n Learning scoff'd at kindred Merit's sighs,
With specious art decried each bounteous deed,
Too proud to follow, and too mean to lead.
Yet, in the purpose which their virtue plann'd,
Still persevered the firm, the faithful Band,
By small, but well-timed aid to worth oppress'd,
Dried many a tear, and lighten'd many a breast ;
Till favouring Britain smiled, till Mercy found
Her sons applauded, and her deeds renown'd ;
And Bounty, long restrain'd, now gladly pours
Her liberal gifts from still increasing stores.

Thus Thames, unnoticed, in his early course
Flows a small current from a scanty source,
'Till, fed by tributary rills, his stream
(The Painter's subject and the Poet's theme)
Wafts Britain's wealth through many a fertile plain,
And bears the thunders that assert her reign.

Then, may some Muse, that boasts a loftier lay,
Oft hail, with rapture, this returning day !
May pure benevolence, with taste combined,
Cheer, while it mends—instruct, yet charm mankind !
And may the rescued Bard, and cherish'd Sage,
Proclaim your glories to the latest age !

AN ADDRESS

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE LITERARY FUND, ON
THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE INSTITUTION AT FREE-
MASONS' HALL, APRIL 24, 1800.

WRITTEN AND RECITED

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZ GERALD, ESQ.

WHEN barbarous nations sack'd imperial Rome,
And the world's mistress yielded to her doom ;
Oblivion o'er that land her poppies flung,
Where patriot Sages taught, and Poets sung ;
Science deplored her Tully's prostrate bust,
And Genius dropp'd a tear on Maro's dust ;
O'er Europe's face a gloomy darkness spread,
And Learning, deep in cloisters veil'd her head.
A Gothic age no patrons could afford,
Where every man was vassal, or was Lord ;
Fierce was the temper, barren was the mind,
And war the only business of mankind :
Till Leo rose to foster every art,
That charms the fancy, and delights the heart.
On him each Muse was eager to attend,
And Learning found a patron and a friend :
So, when stern Winter reigns, all Nature sighs,
The cheerful green of Vegetation dies ;

One dreary waste the eyes of man behold,
 Deluged with rain, or blasted with the cold!
 But, when the glorious sun relumes the sphere,
 The trees bud forth, the tender plants appear,
 Nature no longer feels the winter's storm,
 Cheer'd by the rays that ripen, while they warm.
 Enlighten'd Science soon her radiance bore,
 From fair Italia to our northern shore;
 Where Genius breathed his soul in Shakspeare's
 page!

And Milton shone, the Homer of his age!

Yet in this soil, where all the virtues grow,
 And, ere the poor can ask, the rich bestow!
 Authors have often mourn'd their hapless lot,
 Their works still cherish'd, but themselves forgot!
 Hard is his task, who writes for daily bread,
 And pillows on a couch of cares his head.
 Can Fancy charm the poet's fever'd brain,
 Where thought serves only to engender pain?
 Can Passion animate his torpid breast,
 By hope deserted, and by want oppress'd!
 And yet, though wretched, Envy's constant aim,
 The sport of Fortune, and the slave of Fame!
 If he a patron seeks in time of need,
 With giant's weight he leans upon a reed—
 What can his Muse from pride of wealth expect,
 But ostentatious aid, or cold neglect?
 Towering Ambition scarce can look so low,
 And selfish Pleasure shuns the face of Woe.

In life's more private scenes those virtues shine,
 Where human nature proves her source divine ;
 'Tis there the great to suffering worth attend,
 And man's misfortune finds in man a friend !

Your plan, which princes might be proud to own,
 Long bless'd in silence, and was little known.
 Early you saw, beneath your fostering care,
 Genius and Learning rescued from despair :
 At first, 'tis true, you could but just bestow,
 A dew of comfort upon letter'd woe :
 Yet did that dew a lingering life sustain,
 Cheer the last pang, and smooth the bed of pain !
 Gradual, but sure, your purpose works its way,
 And ample bounty consecrates this day.
 The streamlet thus obscurely glides along,
 Till made by tributary waters strong :
 Each drooping plant, refresh'd, new vigour shows
 To grace the living river as it flows ;
 Onward it rolls to meet the ocean's tide,
 And spreads a general blessing far and wide,
 Though other climes more genial suns supply,
 A purer atmosphere, and clearer sky !
 Amidst our gloomy days, and wintry storms,
 Bounty protects, and godlike Pity warms !
 Though stern in war, and oft by factions cross'd,
 The nation's character is never lost ;
 Humane, and manly, liberal, brave, and free,
 Contending parties in one point agree,

To feel the pathos of Misfortune's sighs,
 And wipe the tears from pallid Misery's eyes!
 Illustrious Isle! fair Freedom's last retreat!
 The throne of Honour! pure Religion's seat!
 Object of Europe's envy, and her hate!
 Still shalt thou stand amidst the nations great:
 Still shall the persecuted stranger find,
 Thy happy shores the refuge of mankind!
 And the last Prince of Darnley's house shall own
 His debt of gratitude to Brunswick's throne! *
 Still shall thy naval arm thy foes repel,
 Though leagued against thee all the powers of hell!
 Thus Calpe's rock, high towering from the main,
 The pride of England, and reproach of Spain!
 While at its base contending waters roar,
 Indignant spurns the billows from the shore:
 In vain the tempest lowers, the winds arise,
 And vivid lightnings fork the lurid skies;
 By Heaven decreed 'gainst all assaults to stand,
 It braves alike the ocean and the land!

* These lines allude to the princely succour his Majesty has afforded
 the Cardinal of York, who was reduced, by the French invasion of
 Italy, to extreme distress.

ADDRESS

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS TO THE LITERARY FUND, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY MEETING,
MAY 7, 1801.

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHILE Spring, exulting, owns the genial ray,
And fostering zephyrs greet the new-born May,
While, rich in beauty, Nature's gifts invite
Each sense to joy, each feeling to delight;
Say, shall not Bounty's charms display their power,
Bright as the sun, refreshing as the shower?
Can her celestial influence impart
Less warmth, less rapture to the ingenuous heart?
Not all the views that strike our ravish'd eyes,
Wild woods, enamell'd vales, and azure skies;
Not all the vernal music of the grove, ,
The instinctive melody of artless love;
So charm the fancy, so exalt the mind,
As scenes that melt, that humanize mankind;
As the pure joy Benevolence inspires,
Her conscious energies, her sacred fires;
When o'er this favour'd spot her banners wave,
And mark the Band, whose triumph is—to save.

Lo ! where by Fancy waked to new delight,
 The Child of Genius wings his daring flight,
 Now soars sublime, and spurns the earth below,
 Now sinks depress'd, o'erwhelm'd by want and woe;
 What generous sympathy can soothe his care ?
 What hand shall raise him, plunged in deep despair ?

What friend his wounds can heal, his sorrows cheer,
 Revive his drooping hope ?—That friend is here :
 Hence flow the plenteous streams that comfort give,
 Restore his long-lost peace, and bid him live.

But see (more wretched still), the Bard, or Sage,
 Whose fortune fails, whose genius droops in age !
 His wit, his science, or his lofty lays
 Once gain'd the meed of universal praise,
 Alas ! when want pursues, when life declines,
 Unheard he suffers, unlamented pines.
 Too proud on private bounty to depend,
 He shuns the patron ; nay, he fears the friend.
 How then shall worth like his assert its claim ?
 Who shall redress his wrongs, yet spare his shame ?
 'Tis yours to search in Misery's deep recess,
 Unsought to cherish, and unask'd to bless,
 Chase pining Want, bid Shame's keen anguish cease,
 And life's eventful drama end in peace.

But why this needless lay ?—With fond acclaim,
 Britain now owns, and consecrates your fame.
 Where'er true Taste, true Science, greet their friends,
 Her heavenly sway Benevolence extends.

Here then the Muse her anxious toils may close,
And her fond votary seek his loved repose.
Propp'd by her zeal, and foster'd by her praise,
Your bounty struggled through its infant days—
Henceforth, each fear dispell'd, each danger past,
Firm, independent, it shall reign, and last.

So the fond parent bird, with watchful eyes,
Views her young brood on fluttering pinions rise,
Directs their efforts with experienced skill,
While yet too weak to soar, or roam at will :
But when, mature in strength, aloft they spring
With juster confidence, with firmer wing, ·
She bids them, on their native powers rely,
And pleased beholds them range the boundless sky.

ADDRESS

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND,
1801.

WRITTEN AND RECITED

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZ GERALD, ESQ.

POETS were ever poor, the fact's allow'd,
Yet, in their poverty, they still are proud;
Proud in possession of an envied name,
And avaricious in the love of fame!
But, when a liberal patronage has given
A life of ease—the Poet's little heaven!
Grateful returns his ardent Muse has shown,
And cast a lustre on the proudest throne.
Let France, in happier days, this truth record,
When letters made more conquests than her sword.
Colbert to Lewis gave a glorious name,
That still is murmur'd by the breath of Fame:
He made his master seem, to Europe's view,
The great Augustus, and Mæcenæ too!
Made him the theme of every poet's lays,
Who paid his bounty with unbounded praise;
The monarch's favour prone to over-rate,
They felt him generous, and they made him great!

Though provinces were wasted, cities fired,
 His splendid tyranny was yet admired;
 France, though oppress'd, was flatter'd still to find
 Her polish'd fetters dazzle half mankind;
 And, while she view'd the splendour of his throne,
 Forgot her chains, and smother'd every groan!
 Thus poets, to his vices render'd blind,
 Secured him from the curses of mankind,
 Glorious they made the tyrant's reign appear,
 And wreathed a laurel round his blood-stain'd spear.
 Such powers to princely patronage belong!
 And such the empire of immortal song!
 Yet ostentation was the only spring,
 That made a patron of a selfish king.
 Your bounty, though less brilliant to the eye,
 Seeks out distress, and checks the Muse's sigh.
 Like Chatterton, a gifted youth arose
 Heir to his genius, and to all his woes!
 Like him, by poverty and grief oppress'd,
 Peace was a stranger to his tortured breast;
 Old in adversity, though young in years,
 His scanty meal was moisten'd with his tears!
 Unknown to patronage, unknown to fame,
 With fainting steps to you the wanderer came:
 You raised his head, and, with parental care,
 Drove from his heart the dæmon of Despair!
 Long may his gratitude inspire his lays,
 And make your worth the subject of his praise;

But should an Author, with malignant sneer,
 Traduce your purpose, yet your friend appear :
 If he is poor, who thus belies your plan,
 Despise his malice, yet relieve the man :
 So shall your bounty in his bosom smart,
 And wash, in deep remorse, his venom'd dart !
 When howling Discord, with her serpents fell,
 Hopeless of mischief, seeks her native hell ;
 When fair returning Peace shall bless these Isles,
 And rose-lipp'd Plenty on our harvest smiles !
 The great, and rich, relieved from public care,
 Will crowd to rescue Genius from despair ;
 And, while they praise your efforts, will bestow
 Still ampler means to succour letter'd woe ;
 Proud to reflect, on each revolving year,
 That what they give can dry the Muse's tear ;
 To Learning's sons a ray of joy impart,
 And cheer with hope the desolated heart !

My Muse, before she takes a long adieu
 Of Praise much loved !—because bestow'd by you !
 Turns to the Baltic her admiring eyes,
 Where Britain's flag in proudest triumph flies !—
 When Northern foes, with long-engender'd hate,
 Thought war-worn England verging to her fate ;
 Prepared to wound her, in misfortune's hour,
 With triple force they league against her power !
 Within their narrow strait they brooding lie,
 And dare her naval vengeance to defy.

But England's heroes prove their hopes are vain,
 And force the boasted passage of the Dane.
 When Glory calls, and Nelson leads the van,
 To bar his way 's beyond the power of man !
 For him to fight and conquer are the same—
 His great historian, everlasting Fame !
 None can the Hero of the Nile withstand,
 Though hostile fleets, protected by the land,
 Present a barrier, that might well dismay
 Nations who cannot boast Aboukir's day ;
 In vain do narrow seas our ships confine,
 Nor leave a space for half the British line ;
 Whose straining eyes still keep in eager view,
 The glorious dangers of the gallant few !
 In vain on every side the ramparts pour
 Tremendous thunder from the hostile shore ;
 Triumphant Nelson gives the dreadful word,
 And Denmark sinks beneath the Hero's sword !
 Yet in the hour of fate the victors show
 Respect for courage in the vanquish'd foe ;
 And, while from ruin they preserve the town,
 Extended mercy brightens their renown !

VERSES

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND,
1801.

BY I. D' ISRAELI, ESQ.

SERAPH of earth, loved CHARITY, appears,
And drops on human griefs celestial tears ;
O come ! thine eyes of dewy light unfold,
And wave thy tresses of ethereal gold !
Mark the warm blush upon her forehead sent,
Her hand outstretch'd, her listening head just bent !
Hung round her knees a graceful group is seen ;
She comes, and Famine's blasted heath looks green !

Her blest abodes each little village grace,
And restless vagrants find a resting-place ;
See where Philanthropy her labour aids,
And opes to felon youths her schools and trades !
Lucina there, a splendid palace rears,
To calm the future mother's modest fears.
Sweet CHARITY ! like Venus 'mid the waves,
Thou walk'st in beauty o'er the watery graves,
And, teaching man a Promethéan art,
Bring'st fire from heaven—or wakest it in his heart !
Within his grate, sits meagre Worth oppress'd,
Nor feels the sunshine playing on his breast ;

Gently thy hand the little debt shall lend,
And give the social hearth a father, husband, friend !

All, all have felt the public's anxious care,
And every Briton had a brother's share :
All but the letter'd few—the bard, the sage,
Those great contemporaries of every age !
Who can forgive the present, while they trust
To the late justice of some gem, or bust.
Obscurely beaming, like the midnight oil,
They sink, with slow decay, in silent toil.

Yes ! while the immortal page their genius spread,
Even then they fainted for a little bread :
Yes ! in our country (Freedom's ancient choice !)
Want strangled oft the Patriot's feeble voice !
And loud Renown has told of many a name,
The child, at once, of Famine and of Fame !
Ah ! on the PRESS we muse with dread delight,
If they must perish who were born to WRITE.

Bards, in whose breasts, with inspiration gay,
The Muses warble, and the Graces play ;
Those gifted spirits, of Aonian birth,
Crouch to the hand of Trade, and bend to earth !
Or, blushless, dare the venal censor hold,
And barter glory (wretched men !) for gold !
Or bid their Muse still flaunt about the town,
The dirty prostitute of half-a-crown !

Shall British Genius mourn so long, and hide
The Sage's dignity, the Poet's pride ?

Ah, better break the unregarded sigh,
 With Butler languish, and with Otway die;
 With Chatterton in sullen vengeance brood;
 With Collins rage in phrenzy's ireful mood.

From ills like these, to save the virtuous man,
 Patrons of Genius! is your rising plan!
 Ah! sure the artists of each finer grace;
 The loved preceptors of the human race;
 All that dear train, whose studious hours impart
 The illumined spirit, and the moral heart,
 Claim from the public hand their moderate share:
 Yes, 'tis their due!—THEY MADE US WHAT WE ARE!
 And in a British audience still we see
 Their hands are liberal, as their hearts are free.
 Long, long endure, by generous spirits graced,
 This festival of CHARITY and TASTE.

ADDRESS

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LITERARY FUND
SOCIETY, 1801.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY SAMUEL BIRCH, ESQ.

THIS favour'd Isle of freedom and renown, .
Which well Humanity may call her own,
Through many an age of Fame extended wide,
Has almost proved that mercy was its pride :
Whose shrines of Pity towering to the skies,
More than its regal palaces surprise.—
Nor on the public edifice alone,
Does sweet Benevolence inscribe the stone ;
But oft, with stealth, to solitude withdraws,
And, self-approving, shuns a world's applause.
The mountain's height—the forest's deep recess
Her humbler characters alike impress.—
No pathless wood—no unfrequented wild—
But Gratitude has there some glowing child,
Whose sighs, like unobstructed incense, rise,
A meek, sincere, prevailing sacrifice !
Unseen, unpitied Sorrow cannot roam,
For Sympathy will track the sufferer home.

Wide as Misfortune bids the tear to start,
 Or silent Anguish wrings the human heart ;
 Broad as the air—and piercing as the ray,
 That visits Nature from the orb of day,
 Her good Samaritan is always found,
 To minister a balm to every wound.

Our pious ancestors, who seem'd to try
 What mercy best might balance misery ;
 By observation and experience taught,
 This godlike virtue near perfection brought.
 They smooth'd life's rugged road through every
 stage,
 From helpless infancy to helpless age.

The child that drew, unown'd, the vital air,
 Or lost, through shame or want a mother's care,
 Or half-endow'd, as niggard Nature frown'd,
 Unblest with organs, or of sight or sound ;
 The tender virgin of enchanting form,
 The unshelter'd lily, drench'd by many a storm,
 Ere yet matured in beauty's pride it grew,
 Attractive only to the spoiler's view ;—
 And the poor victim of seductive art,
 Whom fatal sensibility of heart,
 By one false step, had doom'd through life to rove,
 The houseless wanderer of unhallow'd love :
 The tender mother, and the faithful wife,
 Despairing of her unborn infant's life,
 Whose pangs and sorrow, though to all decreed,
 By poverty were multiplied indeed :—

The mind subdued by melancholy care,
 The shiver'd intellect of wild despair;
 And crimeless penury, constrain'd to dwell,
 Oppression's captive, in some lonely cell:
 The snow-topt wreck of many a warrior brave,
 Who hurl'd his thunders o'er the distant wave;
 And pale disease, of life the lingering drain,
 Through all her thousand images of pain:
 For wants like these they some asylum found:
 Their pious labours knew nor rest nor bound.
 They heap'd what good their bounty could bestow
 On the sad offspring of unletter'd woe:
 They sympathized with every poor man's lot:—
 The Man of Genius was alone forgot:
 The sport of Fate, which wit to want allied,
 And where it brain imparted, bread denied.

While the poor peasant could his meal supply,
 The rough-hewn son of thoughtless Industry,—
 Who little ask'd—his sturdy arm was sure,
 With spade or flail, that little to procure:
 Pale drooping Science, with precarious toil,
 Could scarce provide her with her midnight oil;
 Whose heart refined, that swell'd with many a sigh,
 Or, e'er it could consent to beg, must die.
 Unsought, she never could her need proclaim,
 Conceal'd, 'twas agony! but known, 'twas shame!
 At length this wretchedness attention drew;
 The glorious privilege was left for you!

Oh! envied thought! Oh! exquisite employ!
 Your proud distinction—your exclusive joy!
 Search not the records or of Greece or Rome
 For luxury of thought:—best found at home.
 Say, can the glorious deeds their heroes wrought,
 Or the stern virtues, which their sages taught,
 Yield such sublime, exuberant delight,
 As warms and satisfies the soul to-night?

You on the waters cast your scraps of bread,
 Which many a secret child of merit fed:
 You saw them not—you trusted what was given,
 And your work prosper'd, as approved by Heaven

So, ere the winter's cold, with liberal hand
 The sower strews in faith the furrow'd land.
 Hid for a while the future treasure lies,
 Till vernal showers and autumnal skies
 Call forth the springing blade, and swell the ear;
 The promised plenty of the smiling year.
 The reapers now the nodding sheaves enfold,
 Their loaded tops all burnish'd o'er with gold.
 With like success your mercy has been sown;
 But the bright harvest shall be all your own.

G E N I U S :

AN ODE ;

BY THE REV. CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.

RECITED AT A GENERAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY
FOR A LITERARY FUND, JUNE 25, 1801,

BY CHARLES TWEEDIE, ESQ.

I. 1.

NOW Guilt, subversive of the plan
Of heaven's high Lord, had dimm'd the human
scene :

And Ignorance, with Want of haggard mien,
Had torn earth's sceptre from the grasp of man.

In caves and woods the savage lay ;

Or, press'd by hunger, chased his prey
O'er wilds, where Nature mourn'd her fertile womb :
Where sick air languish'd in the forest's gloom :

Where the pure stream, design'd to spread

Health, and green vigour o'er the mead,

Slept in the poison-breathing fen ;

And the shagg'd lion ruled from his ensanguined den.

I. 2.

The Almighty saw dishonour'd earth,
 And, pitying, call'd a Power,* who, near his throne,
 Before creation's glorious morning shone,
 Before the stars saw Time's mysterious birth,
 Had held the mirror to his sight,
 Where Nature, yet uncall'd from night,
 Stood in bright portraiture before his eye,
 Disclosed in all her hues and symmetry.

“Go, Power!” the Sovereign spake, “repair

“To yon dim world, involved in air:

“Go, with my following grace! display

“Thy force, in aid of Man, and re-assert his
 “sway.”

I. 3.

The Power of Light obey'd;
 And, breaking from the sapphire cloud,
 Which mantling o'er his splendours flow'd,
 His wond'rous form display'd.
 A rainbow † arch'd his brow:
 His body of celestial chrysolite
 Was starr'd with eyes, that glow
 With living flame, and make heaven's noon more
 bright.

* Prov. viii. from verse 22 to 32.

† Rev. x. 1.

The seraph train, beneath his glance,
 Felt stronger inspiration rise :
 New glories gild their holy trance ;
 And ampler vision crowds their eyes.
 He pass'd ;—and through illumined space
 Shot, thought-wing'd, to his destined place.
 Earth laugh'd, in sudden lustre dress'd,
 And welcomed her empyreal guest.
 He, with the favour'd human few retired,
 Crush'd the low purpose, rear'd the heaven-
 ward aim,
 Disclosed more brilliant day.—The crowd admired
 GREAT GENIUS in his works, and hail'd with loud
 acclaim.

II. 1.

Full of the informing power, the sage
 (Heaven's conscious instrument to raise his kind)
 Unlock'd the deep recesses of his mind,
 And pour'd its affluence on a prostrate age.
 Hark ! 'tis Orpheus sweeps the strings !
 Othrys and Hæmus, while he sings,
 Send forth their stony brood. With strange de-
 light
 They hear, they glow, they soften, they unite.
 Each owns, beneath the yoke of laws,
 The private in the public cause.
 Forced by the master-mind's control,
 The savage grows to man, and feels a human soul.

II 2.

By Science taught, the ploughshare's stroke
 Wounded earth's russet breast, and o'er it roll'd
 Redundant waves of vegetable gold,
 While purple Pleasure from the cluster broke.
 Urged by the loom, the fleece supplied
 The robe of decency and pride.
 The hamlet grew ;—till, rushing to the skies,
 The exulting city show'd her bulwark'd size ;
 Her fanes, her palaces, her marts ;
 The triumph of her foster'd arts ;
 Her breathing marbles, and the strife
 Of mingling light and shade, which warm'd her walls
 to life.

II. 3.

But Science, not confined
 The toiling hand of Art to guide,
 Flash'd with bright stroke on every side,
 And proved the sway of mind.
 The aerial tongue of Thought,
 Embodied now, stood fix'd in form and place :
 And the page, wisdom-fraught,
 Bore its great lesson to an unborn race.
 No more the meteor of an hour,
 The sage, a lasting light was seen :
 Mind grew on mind with gathering power,
 Though seas or ages roll'd between.

By Genius raised, the exploring eye
 Resolved the mazes of the sky :
 And, star-led, now the glimmering sail
 On world-wide waters caught the gale :
 Till clime with clime, by commerce blended, meet ;
 And all that earth, and seas, and air afford
 Is laid, as Nature's tribute, at the feet
 Of MAN, by GENIUS crown'd, the world's unquestion'd lord.

III. 1.

Now days of power and wealth proceed ;
 Science and Art advance, with kindling pace,
 To throw on life its last purpureal grace :
 And Genius glories in his finish'd deed.

But soon he saw, with rage and pain,
 The damp, cold portion of his train :
 Saw man, with cruel sport, defraud of bread
 The living worth, and consecrate the dead.

" Shall slaves be fed ? and my loved few,
 " By whom," he cried, " man's empire grew,
 " My musing sage, my high-rapt bard,
 " Poor and uncherish'd fade—my smile their sole
 " reward !"

III. 2.

" And will not that suffice ?" replied
 A heaven-sent voice, " Is Genius yet to know
 " How great the joys his favour can bestow ?
 " How little those, which pamper sense and pride ?

" Can the rich tastes at Pleasure's board,
 " Power's lofty seat, or Wealth's bright hoard
 " Give bliss like thine?—Ethereal Fancy's play
 " In fields that glow with more than solar day:
 " That world of mind sublime, and free
 " From mists of low mortality,
 " Where all the forms of beauty rove ——
 " These THOU can'st give on earth, and these God
 " gives above!

III. 3.

But see yon haughty land,
 " That, springing from the encircling main,
 " Seems destined for extended reign,
 " And challenges command:
 " ALBION THE GREAT!—There MIND,
 " Safe in her sunny walks, shall taste the good
 " To meaner power assign'd;
 " Nor Want's pale image on her heaven intrude.
 " Her golden toils by all avow'd
 " A nation's blessing, strength, and grace,
 " The rich, with patriot zeal, shall crowd
 " To pay their offerings to her race.
 " The standard in one generous hand *
 " Shall wave—and Albion's grateful band,
 " In deepening ranks, shall press to throw
 " Their guardian shields o'er letter'd woe.

* David Williams.

“ Has Learning foes ?—their power shall here be
“ vain.

“ Matchless, through air, yon eagle wafts his
“ force :

“ The thunder-bearing ship, with high disdain,
“ Besieged by savage barks, maintains her stately
“ course.”

On the original plan of publishing this Work in quarto, (a plan which was relinquished, in consequence of a calculation of its expence) an Engraving from a drawing, presented by Mr. Rigaud to the LITERARY FUND, was intended as an accompaniment of the Volume.—This Engraving is now made the subject of a separate Publication : but its design is described in the following Verses,

BY MRS. RIGAUD.

SEE Genius, sickening at the ills of life,
 With penury maintain a glorious strife,
 In that sad hour, when want and pining care
 Has stript his garret—worn his garments bare,
 Furrow'd his manly front—while his wan cheek
 The ravages of famine seem to speak.
 Oppress'd, but not o'ercome;—intent alone
 On Science, seated on her radiant throne;
 The mild, attractive Graces in her train.
 These he invokes—nor yet invokes in vain :
 For, all apparent to his raptur'd eye,
 The genius, Inspiration, hovers nigh :
 Prompts him to let Imagination soar
 To Truth's bright realm ; and from her sacred store

Collect some rays; such knowledge to impart
 As may inform the mind, and touch the heart.
 Studious, with wit and judgment well combined,
 Less to astonish, than to mend mankind;
 He listens, and conceives some lofty theme,
 Anxious to realize the flattering dream :
 Then takes the pen, and with his backward hand
 Repels the spectres that around him stand ;
 Care, Famine, fell Disease, with griesly stare,
 Who pressing on, beset his tottering chair.

When, lo! like pensive Misery, while he sits,
 The gently opening door a guest admits ;
 A stranger, and of countenance benign,
 Who enters, leading in a form divine,
 Sweet smiling Hope—and strait a scroll unfolds,
 Which, struck with mute amaze, he, fix'd, beholds.
 With eager eye, enraptured, thus he reads —
 (The LITERARY FUND this message speeds)
 “ It bids desert and Genius pine no more :
 “ It says, ’Tis yours, unsought, to share the store
 “ That pure Benevolence, as tribute due,
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B. H. Malkin, Esq. Garraway's coffee-house	1	1	0
* John Mangles, Esq. Wapping			
Charles Marsh, Esq. Piccadilly - -	1	1	0
William Marter, Esq. Kensington - -	1	1	0
James Martin, Esq. M. P. Great George-street	2	2	0
Sir H. Martin, Bart. Weymouth-st. Portland-pl.	1	1	0
Mr. Mascal, Milk-street, Cheapside -	1	1	0
Miss Eliza Mauleverer - - - -	1	1	0
* Mr. Mawman, Bookseller, Poultry			
S. Mellish, Esq. No. 3. Holborn-court, Gray's Inn	1	1	0
William Mellish, Esq. ditto - - -	1	1	0
Lieut-Gen. Melville, Brewer-street, Golden-sq.	2	2	0
George Meredith, Esq. Nottingham-place -	1	1	0
William Meredith, Esq. Harley-place -	1	1	0
Rev. Louis Mercier, Princes-street, Spital-fields	1	1	0
Richard Meux, Esq. Liquorpond-street -	1	1	0
Thomas Meux, Esq. Liquorpond-street -	1	1	0
John Meyrick, Esq. Spring-gardens - -	2	2	0
David Mill, Esq. Marlborough-buildings, Bath	1	1	0
Mr. Miller, Bookseller, Bond-street -	1	1	0
Matthew Mitchell, Esq. Beaufort-buildings	1	1	0
Rev. James Moore, LL. B. Wimbledon -	1	1	0
Edward Rowe Mores, Esq. - - -	1	1	0
Edward Morris, Esq. Harcourt-buildings, Temple	1	1	0
** Sir T. Mostyn, Bart. M. P. Mostyn, Flintshire			
John Murray, Esq. Fleet-street - -	1	1	0
Rev. Robert Nares, B. D. Archdeacon of Staf- ford, British Museum - - -	1	1	0
* Lord Newark, No. 17, Great Suffolk-street, Charing-cross			

	£.	s.	d.
G. Nicol, Esq. Bookseller to his Majesty, Pall-m.	1	1	0
Mr. Nixon, No. 5, Basinghall-street	-	1	1 0
Rev. Robert Nixon, Vale Mascal, North Cray	1	1	0
William Noble, Esq. No. 39, Pall-mall	-	1	1 0
William Norris, Esq. Old Jewry	-	1	1 0
T. Northmore, Esq. Cleve-house, near Exeter	1	1	0
Mr. Serjeant Onslow, No. 5, Essex-court, Temple	1	1	0
John Palmer, Esq. M. P. Bath	-	1	1 0
Rev. Laurence Painting, Lambeth-terrace	-	1	1 0
Henry Parker, Esq. Somerset-place	-	1	1 0
Mr. Samuel Parker, Fleet-street	-	1	1 0
S. Parsons, Esq. London-street, Tottenham-court- road	-	1	1 0
Archibald Paxton, Esq. Buckinham-st. Strand	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Payne, Mews-gate	-	1	1 0
John Peake, Esq. Battersea	-	1	1 0
** John Penn, Esq. New-street, Spring-gardens			
William Penn, Esq. Queen Ann-street West	-	1	1 0
* James Perry, Esq. Strand			
Mr. R. Philips, No. 77, St. Paul's Church-yard	1	1	0
Thomas Pinkerton, Esq. East Smithfield	-	1	1 0
Joseph Planta, Esq. Sec. R. S. British Museum	1	1	0
* Thomas Plumer, Esq. Lincoln's-inn, or. Upper Guildford-street			
Thomas Plummer, Esq. Fenchurch-street	-	1	1 0
James Plumridge, Esq. Chelsea	-	1	1 0
Alexander Pope, Esq. Half-moon-street	-	1	1 0
Robert Pott, Esq. Borough	-	1	1 0
Cuthbert Potts, Esq. Spring-gardens	-	1	1 0
—— Potts, Esq. Hatton-garden	-	1	1 0
Thomas Powel, Esq. Tottenham	-	1	1 0
John Prestwidge, Esq. No. 30, Mincing-lane	1	1	0
* Edward Pryce, Esq. Bucklersbury			
* Robert Prickett, Esq. No. 74, Harley-street			
D. H. Pugh, Esq. Greenhill, near Llandilo, Caer- marthenshire	-	1	1 0

	£.	s.	d.
Walter Pye, Esq. - - -	1	1	0
Barton Pym, Esq. Brompton - - -	1	1	0
Ebenezer Ratcliffe, Esq. Walthamstow -	1	1	0
Rev. M. Raine, D. D. No. 15, Charterhouse-sq.	1	1	0
Colonel Ramsay, No. 62, Wimpole-street -	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Ranking, No. 113, Cheapside -	1	1	0
William Rawlinson, Esq. Abchurch-lane -	1	1	0
* Samuel Reymes, Esq. Friday-street			
Thomas Richardson, Esq. No. 9, Gray's-inn-sq.	1	1	0
John Gibbs Ridout, Esq. Paternoster-row -	1	1	0
* John Risdon, Esq. Peckham			
Charles Rivington, Esq. Hatton-garden -	1	1	0
Dr. Robertson, Bath - - - -	1	1	0
G. J. Robinson, Esq. Lamb's Conduit-place -	1	1	0
James Robson, Esq. Conduit-street - -	1	1	0
John Rogers, Esq. Maze-hill, Greenwich -	1	1	0
Thomas Rolph, Esq. Peckham - -	1	1	0
George Rose, Esq. Great Russel-street -	1	1	0
Rev. Dr. Routh, Henley-upon-Thames -	1	1	0
Thomas Rowcroft, Esq. Lawrence Poultney-lane	1	1	0
William Rowley, D. D. Savile-row - -	1	1	0
Mr. J. T. Rutt, No. 239, Upper Thames-street	1	1	0
John Sale, Esq. Broad Sanctuary, Westminster	1	1	0
* William Geary Salte, Esq. Poultry			
Rev. T. Sampson, Clapham - - - -	1	1	0
* Alexander Scott, Esq. No. 39, Great Suffolk-street, Charing-cross			
* Mr. Thomas Scott, Ludgate-hill *			
Br. Scottow, Esq. Union-place, Lambeth -	1	1	0
David Seale, Esq. Peckham - - -	1	1	0
Richard Sharp, Esq. Mark-lane - -	1	1	0
Benjamin Shaw, Esq. London-bridge - -	1	1	0
Rev. Mr. Shepherd - - - - -	1	1	0
** Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. M. P.			
William Skelton, Esq. Middle-temple - -	1	1	0
Gustavus Adolphus Smith, Esq. Little St. Thomas			
Apostle - - - - -	1	1	0

	£.	s.	d.
* R. Smith, Esq. George-street, Mansion-house			
William Smith, Esq. M. P. Park-street, Westminster	1	1	0
* John Soane, Esq. Lincoln's-inn-fields			
* John Spalding, Esq. M. P. No. 5, Hill-street, Berkley-square			
William Spencer, Esq. Curzon-street	-	-	1 1 0
James Spiller, Esq. No. 35, Guildford-street	-	1	1 0
Francis Stephens, Esq. Ealing, Middlesex	-	1	1 0
Mr. Stevens, Charterhouse-square	-	-	1 1 0
* Mr. John Stockdale, Bookseller, Piccadilly			
* Rev. George Henry Storie, Camberwell-grove, Surrey			
J. P. Street, Esq. at Mr. Boddington's, Mark-lane	1	1	0
J. Swainson, Esq. Frith-street, Soho	-	-	2 2 0
W. Taylor, Esq. No. 54, Terrace, High-street, Mary-le-bone	-	-	1 1 0
* Thomas Taylor, Esq. Friday-street			
John Taylor, Esq. Hatton-garden	-	-	1 1 0
Josiah Taylor, Esq. Architectural Library, Holborn	-	-	1 1 0
* William Taylor, Esq. Welbeck-street			
John Temple, Esq. Stonehouse, near Plymouth	1	1	0
Rev. G. A. Thomas, Wickham, Hampshire	-	1	1 0
* William Thomas, Esq. No. 60, Friday-street			
John Thomas, Esq. Lewisham	-	-	1 1 0
William Tidd, Esq. No. 7, King's-bench-walk, Temple	-	-	1 1 0
Mr. B. Tovey	-	-	1 1 0
G. Philips Towry, Esq.	-	-	1 1 0
John Tuach, Esq. Wandsworth	-	-	1 1 0
Captain Alexander Tuach, Wandsworth	-	1	1 0
William Turner, Esq. No. 71, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square	-	-	1 1 0
Samuel Turtle, Esq. Brompton-row	-	-	1 1 0
Charles Tweedie, Esq. Navy Pay-office, Somerset- place	-	-	1 1 0

* Rev. Robert Tyrwhitt, Cambridge

W. Waddington, Esq. Brompton-crescent - 1 1 0

Arnold Wainwright, Esq. Hatton-garden - 1 1 0

John Wainwright, Esq. Gray's-inn - - 1 1 0

R. Wainwright, jun. Esq. No. 13, Gray's-inn-square - - - - 1 1 0

William Wainwright, Esq. Hatton-garden - 1 1 0

Benjamin Wainwright, Esq. Hatton-garden - 1 1 0

Rev. Thomas Wakefield, B. A. Richmond - 1 1 0

Theophilus Walford, Esq. Hammersmith - 1 1 0

Sayer Walker, M. D. Charter-house square - 1 1 0

Robert Walpole, Esq. Austin-friers - - 1 1 0

John Walter, Esq. Black-friers - - - 1 1 0

* The late Rev. John Warner, D. D.

John Watson, jun. Esq. No. 16, Mincing-lane 1 1 0

* Josiah Wedgwood, Esq. St. James's-square

* Samuel Wesley, Esq.

Thomas Whateley, Esq. Bedford-row - - 1 1 0

Rev. Samuel White, Hampstead - - 1 1 0

* William White, jun. Esq. Greek-street, Soho

* George Whitehead, jun. Esq. Basinghall-street

James Wilde, Esq. No. 106, Upper Thames-street 1 1 0

* Matthias Wilks, Esq. Dartford

John Williams, Esq. Adelphi-terrace - 2 2 0

Miss Williams, Adelphi-terrace - - 1 1 0

Mr. E. Williams, Bookseller, Strand, - 1 1 0

Richard Williams, Esq. Lincoln's-inn - - 1 1 0

Thomas Williams, Esq. Battersea-rise - 1 1 0

John Willock, Esq. Golden-square - - 1 1 0

* Robert Wilson, Esq. Friday-street

Earl of Winchilsea - - - - 1 1 0

* Joseph Windham, Esq. Portland-place

* Broom Phillips Witts, Esq. Friday-street

* Michael Wodhull, Esq. Thenford, Northampton-shire

	£.	s.	d.
Rev. F. Wrangham, Hunmanby, near Bridlington, Yorkshire	1	1	0
J. G. Wrench, Esq. Lower Thames-street	-	1	1 0
John Wright, Esq. Lincoln's-inn	-	-	1 1 0
Mr. Wright, Bookseller, Piccadilly	-	-	1 1 0
James Wyatt, Esq. Queen Ann-street East	-	1	1 0
John Wyatt, Esq. Repertory-office, No. 182, Fleet-street	1	1	0
Matthew Wyatt, Esq. No. 5, King's-bench-walk, Temple	-	-	1 1 0
Robert Wyatt, Esq. Devizes	-	-	1 1 0
Thomas Wyatt, Esq. Devizes	-	-	1 1 0
Benjamin Young, Esq. St. James's-street	-	1	1 0
Mr. Young, St. Margaret's-hill, Borough	-	1	1 0

ABSTRACT OF THE CASH-ACCOMPT OF THE FUND.

Balance in hand, April 17, 1800	-	-	31	0	4
Dividends received upon Stock	-	-	45	0	0
Subscriptions received, from April 17, 1800,	}	847	3	6	
to April 16, 1801					
			£.923	3	10

Paid, by order of the Committee, on appli- cations for relief; including expences of printing, advertising, collecting, and purchase of stock during the above period	}	897	8	11	

Balance, April 16, 1801	-	-	-	£. 43	14	11
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AT A COMMITTEE OF THE LITERARY FUND,
JUNE 15, 1797;

JOHN GRAY, Esq. LL. D. in the Chair.

IT was resolved, that a PERMANENT FUND should be established, by raising a sum of money by temporary subscriptions; and applying the money so raised, all future subscriptions for life, casual benefactions, legacies, and all profits arising from plays, concerts, books, &c. to the purchase of stock (to be vested in trustees) in some of the national funds; the interest only of which, except on very extraordinary occasions, to be employed for the purposes of the Institution.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE PERMANENT FUND.

		£.	s.	d.
1797, June 16.	John Symmons, Esq.	-	21	0 0
	Thomas Plumer, Esq.	-	10	10 0
	Lord Viscount Mountmorres		10	10 0
Sept. 4.	Sir James Bland Burges,			
	Bart.	-	20	0 0
30.	William Weller Pepys, Esq.		20	0 0
	William Salte, Esq.	-	21	0 0
	Thomas Williams, Esq. M. P.		10	10 0
	Joseph Windham, Esq.		10	10 0
	Carried over		124	0 0

	£.	s.	d.
Brought over	124	0	0
Charles Abbot, Esq. M. P.	5	5	0
George Jeffereys, Esq.	-	5	5
Rev. David Williams	-	2	2
Thomas Dale, M. D.	-	2	2
John Griffin, Esq.	-	2	2
George Ranking, Esq.	-	2	2
Michael Hoy, Esq.	-	2	2
Rev. Thomas Bracken	-	2	2
Rev. Archer Thompson	-	2	2
J. T. Stewart, Esq.	-	2	2
John Gray, Esq. LL. D.	-	2	2
W. T. Fitz Gerald, Esq.	-	2	2
Charles Monro, Esq.	-	2	2
John Reeves, Esq.	-	2	2
William Boscawen, Esq.	-	2	2
Major Gardner	-	2	2
William Porden, Esq.	-	2	2
Samuel Lawford, Esq.	-	2	2
John Rogers, Esq.	-	2	2
Peter Mellish, Esq.	-	2	2
Edward Kennion, Esq.	-	1	1
J. F. Rigaud, Esq.	-	1	1
John Nichols, Esq.	-	1	1
Mr. Edward Brooke	-	1	1
Thomas Leach, Esq.	-	1	1
Arthur Onslow, Esq.	-	1	1
1798, April 19. Sam. Salte, Esq. by bequest	100	0	0
Richard Joseph Sullivan, Esq.	10	10	0
J. Haygarth, M. D. F. R. S.			
Bath	-	10	10
John Gosling, Esq.	-	2	2
T. C. by the hands of Dr. Dale	5	0	0
Peter Mellish, Esq.	-	10	10
Carried forward	317	4	0

		£.	s.	d.
	Brought forward	317	4	0
1799. Mar. 21	Augustus Bödecker, Esq.	10	0	0
	Dr. Matthew Baillie -	5	5	0
	School of Eloquence -	8	17	0
April 23.	Joseph Budworth, Esq. -	10	10	0
May 2.	Rev. John Warner, D. D.	10	10	0
	C. Burney, LL. D. Greenw.	20	10	0
	Rev. George Henry Storie	10	10	0
	Thomas Williams, Esq. M. P.	10	10	0
	Lord Newark - -	10	10	0
	Sir W. Herne, Kt. and Alder.	10	10	0
	Mr. Alderman Ansley - -	10	10	0
	George Ansley, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Sir William Leighton, Knight			
	and Alderman -	10	10	0
	Edward Parry, Esq. -	10	10	0
	William Geary Salte, Esq.	10	10	0
	Edward Jones, Esq. -	21	0	0
	Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart.	21	0	0
	Thomas Williams, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Rev. David Williams -	10	10	0
	Michael Wodhull, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Jacob Franco, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Nicholas Gay, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Thomas Lloyd, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Sir J. Cox Hippisley, Bart.	10	10	0
	William Bosville, Esq. -	10	0	0
	Overplus at the Greenw. din.	2	16	0
	Robert Stewart, Esq. - -	2	2	0
May 17.	Rev. Robert Tyrwhitt -	10	10	0
July 1.	The Marquis of Bute -	10	10	0
1800, Jan. 21.	Mr. J. J. Stockdale -	1	1	0
April 24.	John Stockdale, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Robert Stewart, Esq. -	10	10	0
Carried over		650	15	0

	£.	s.	d.
Brought over	650	15	0
William Commerel, Esq. -	10	10	0
William Drummond, Esq. -	10	10	0
George Glenny, Esq. -	10	10	0
Robert Pricket, Esq. -	10	10	0
Samuel Reymes, Esq. -	10	10	0
David Garnet, Esq. -	10	10	0
George Whitehead, Esq. -	10	10	0
William Lewis, Esq. -	10	10	0
William Thomas, Esq. -	10	10	0
Thomas Taylor, Esq. -	10	10	0
Robert Wilson, Esq. -	10	10	0
Edward Bryce, Esq. -	10	10	0
P. W. Baker, Esq. -	10	10	0
R. Clarke, Esq. Chamberlain			
of London -	10	10	0
Charles Hippuff, Esq. -	10	10	0
James Perry, Esq. -	10	10	0
Mathias Wilkes, Esq. -	10	10	0
William Fielde, Esq. -	10	10	0
John Spalding, Esq. M. P. -	10	10	0
Josiah Wedgewood, Esq. -	10	10	0
A. Donaldson, Esq. -	10	10	0
James Belloncle, Esq. -	10	10	0
I. D'Israeli, Esq. -	10	10	0
Thomas Williams, Esq. -	10	10	0
Lord Grantley -	10	10	0
John Barnes, Esq. -	10	10	0
Dr. Baillie -	3	3	0
John Penn, Esq. -	21	0	0
A. Heslop, Esq. -	10	10	0
John Sullivan, Esq. -	10	10	0
Captain Cunnyngnam, Royal			
Navy -	1	1	0
Carried forward	969	19	0

		£.	s.	d.
	Brought over	969	19	0
	Rev. Mr. Crombie -	2	2	0
	John Meyrick, Esq. -	5	5	0
	R. Chase, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Thomas Scott, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Capt. Cosser, Royal Navy	10	10	0
	Alexander Scott, Esq. -	10	10	0
July 1	The Marquis of Bute -	10	10	0
Nov. 28.	Rev. Samuel White -	30	0	0
1801, Jan. 31.	Cash advanced from the Annual Subscriptions, by order of the Committee	146	6	6
Mar. 19.	Sir J. Cox Hippisley, Bart.	21	0	0
	Lord Valentia - -	21	0	0
	Matthew G. Lewis, Esq.	10	10	0
May —	Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M. P.	50	0	0
	John Mangles, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Thomas Everet, Esq. M. P.	10	10	0
	Benjamin Brown, Esq. -	10	10	0
	Joseph Mawman, Esq. -	10	10	0
	William Salte, Esq. -	10	0	0
1801, May 18.	Christopher Idle, Esq. -	10	10	0
	His Grace the Duke of Somerset, President - -	21	0	0
	B. Hobhouse, Esq. M. P.	21	0	0
	John Risdon, Esq. - -	10	10	0
June 25,	John Soane, Esq. - -	10	10	0
	William Taylor, Esq. -	10	10	0
July 8.	Broom Philips Witts, Esq.	10	10	0
	Robert Smith, Esq. - -	10	10	0
		1465	12	6
	Stock bought as follows,	1439	15	0
	Balance, July 28, 1801, -	25	17	6

PURCHASES OF STOCK.

		£.	s.	d.
1798, Feb. 14.	£.300 Three per Cent. Con. cost	147	0	0
April 24.	300 Ditto	144	15	0
1799, April 16.	100 Ditto	55	2	6
May 23.	100 Ditto	56	2	6
July 4.	100 Ditto (reduced)	59	17	6
Aug. 28.	100 Three per Cent. Consols	66	15	0
1800, Jan. 24.	100 Ditto	61	12	6
April 16.	200 Ditto	128	5	0
May 23.	200 Ditto	128	0	0
Sept. 30.	100 Ditto	66	2	6
1801, Jan. 31.	400 Ditto	231	0	0
Mar. 24.	200 Ditto	114	0	0
May 19.	100 Ditto	61	2	6
July 21.	200 Ditto	120	0	0
	<u>£.2500 cost</u>	<u>1439</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>0</u>

THE CASH ACCOMPT,

COMMENCING 1ST JANUARY 1790, AND ENDING
15TH OCTOBER 1801.

Total amount of contributions received during	£.	s.	d.
the abovementioned period, as per accounts			
of the several Treasurers	-	-	3898 14 6
<hr/>			
Total payments made by order of the Com-			
mittee during the same period, viz.			
Paid on applications for relief, and for the inci-			
dental expences of the Society	-	2240	5 4
Paid for purchase of £.2500 Stock, being three			
per cent. consolidated bank annuities, and			
commission	-	-	1439 15 0
Balance in hand, 15th October 1801, as per			
'Treasurers' book of account	-	-	218 14 2
			<hr/>
			£. 3898 14 6
			<hr/>

PETER MELLISH,
J. REEVES,
W. WHITELOCKE,
Treasurers.

EDMUND BAKER, *Collector, No. 1, James-street,
Buckingham-gate, Westminster.*

London,
Nov. 1. 1801.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE RECEIVED

By **HAMMERSLEY** and Co. Pall-mall; **DEVAYNES** and Co. Pall-mall; **COUTTS**, Strand; and **LE FEVRE, CURRIES,** and **RAIKES**, Cornhill.

By the Treasurers, **PETER MELLISH**, Esq. Brunswick-square; **JOHN REEVES**, Esq. Cecil-street, Strand; and the Rev. **W. WHITELOCKE**, Soho-square.

By the Registrars, the Rev. **C. SYMMONS**, D. D. James-street, Westminster; **THOMAS DALE**, M. D. Union-court, Old Broad-street; and **JOHN NICHOLS**, Esq. Red-Lion-passage, Fleet-street; and

By the Collector, **Mr. EDMUND BAKER**, No. 1, James-street, Westminster.

